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[THE GARDEN PICTURE.]

## HE LOVES ME: HE LOVES ME NOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Maurice Durant," "Fickle Fortune," "The Gipsy Peer," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XI.

Is she not more than painting can express  
Of youthful poets' fancy when they love?

Rome.

WITH an eagerness which displayed itself in the impetuous haste with which he tossed over the pile of letters, Edgar Raven the next morning searched for the expected invitation.

He found it, neatly written by Miss Armitage's hand, and a supreme satisfaction filled his breast.

He should spend another evening with Valeria Temple.

He dropped the note in his pocket, prepared a fresh canvas, got his colours and brushes together, and, after an extremely good breakfast—for Edgar Raven, had he been ever so deeply in love, would have deemed it a weakness to neglect his meals—he made his way to the next house.

The servant stared when she saw his burden, but Madame Leclaire came into the hall and welcomed him with a smile.

"I am so glad you have come," she said. "I was afraid that you would think the permission—or invitation—too coldly given."

"Does not Miss Temple expect me?" said Edgar, setting his easel down, with a smile.

"Yes—es," said Madame Leclaire, motioning to the servant to retire. "To tell you the truth, Mr. Raven, I think she has forgotten all about your intended visit. Miss Temple, as you may have noticed, is rather absent minded; she studies and thinks too much," she added, hurriedly.

"I see," said Edgar Raven, softly. "Perhaps this

little break in the monony will do her good. At least, madame, I do not intend to retreat unless I am sturdily repulsed."

His frank, grave smile won Madame Leclaire's heart.

"Come," she said, "you are both kind and generous; you are your own porter too."

Edgar laughed.

"I have carried the old easel up hill and down dale for many a mile, but never more gladly than now," he said, and he followed Madame Leclaire into the garden.

Valeria was not there, and very quickly Edgar arranged his easel in the proper place, and got prepared.

He had set his heart upon increasing the acquaintance so strangely began.

Presently, while he was mixing some colours on his palette, he saw a dark soft dress at the farther end of the garden, and a moment later Valeria, with a book in her hand, crossed the lawn and stood beside him.

She smiled as she held out her hand.

"I had forgotten that you were coming," she said, with most annoying candour. "Are you still persuaded that the spot will make a pretty picture?"

"Yes," said Edgar, with quiet decision, "and I hope to persuade you also. I hope I have not disturbed you?" and he glanced at the book in her hand.

"No," she said. "I had only taken up the book for a moment. I can read while you paint; Madame Leclaire will work as usual, and we shall not distract your attention."

"You would not do that if you were to talk," said Edgar. "Will you take your seat?"

"Can you not make the picture without me? Surely these oaks are effective enough."

"Certainly not," said Edgar. "I am sure that I could not. Miss Temple I am certain that you will not go from your promise."

"I will not," said Valeria; "but I did not promise to sit long. I could not do so."

"You need sit no longer than you like," said Edgar.

Madame Leclaire came up, with a camp stool in her hand, and smilingly ensconced herself out of the picture.

Valeria took her seat on the old oak and commenced reading with the utmost indifference and calm.

Edgar rapidly sketched in the background and waited for the attitude he wanted.

He knew it would come, for he felt assured that she would not read long.

Suddenly Valeria looked up.

"I am reading a strange book Mr. Raven—ah, I beg your pardon, I forgot I am not to move or speak!"

"Indeed you may do both," said Edgar, sketching on. "What is the book?"

"A work on the supernatural. A strange, weird sort of book. Do you believe in mesmerism?"

"Yes," said Edgar.

"You do? So does the book. It tells a story of a girl who could when mesmerised find out any person whom the mesmerist wished to find, no matter where the hidden man might be—Asia, Africa, America. If he were alive she could see him and proclaim his whereabouts. Do you believe it?"

"They say it is true," said Edgar.

"I wish that it were," she exclaimed, with low-voiced intensity. "Oh, to be able to see the world from pole to pole and find the being one wanted!"

Edgar raised his head and looked at her.

What did it mean? Whom could she, a young girl, be seeking for? Was there a mystery in deed and truth?

He did not speak, and Valeria unconsciously dropped into the attitude which he had been waiting for. Her head rested on her hand, the other drooped at her side, her eyes, with the thick, dark brows and lashes, were bent dreamily upon the ground.

With feverish rapidity Edgar made two or three sketches in a corner of the canvas, then carefully made a larger one in the proper place.

He need not have worked so hurriedly, for Valeria's thoughts were wandering miles away, and she sat motionless and rapt sufficiently long for him to make an exquisitely faithful outline of her beautiful face and figure in their weird yet graceful attitude and expression.

Then he drew back a little and looked at his canvas. He had not spoken recklessly. The girl, thrown up by the deep background, would make a strange and noteworthy picture.

Imperfect and unfinished as it was it impressed Edgar with a peculiar melancholy. The dark figure looked so sad, so sweet, so solitary.

With an effort he cast the mood aside and began to talk.

Edgar Raven was generally considered by those who knew him of a silent, reflective cast, a man not given to much speech.

But they had never seen him when there had been any occasion for loquacity.

Now he was determined to draw the beautiful girl's thoughts from the dark paths they were evidently treading, and he strained every effort, while seeming to use none, to amuse her.

He had travelled much and with open eyes and attentive ears, and now he found anecdote after anecdote come up opportunely, and soon, working all the time, he managed to win, first a smile, then a low, musical, subdued laugh from the beautiful listener.

"Ah!" she said, as he told her of some rash freaks on the Alps, "was I not right? Is it not better to be a man? You have seen a great deal of what I would give worlds to see. Do you know Venice?" she asked, suddenly, fixing her dark eyes on his face.

A shade passed over it. He disliked the city, why he scarcely knew.

"I have seen it," he said, coldly. And then, wiping his brush, added quickly: "The first sitting is over. The artist returns thanks for the kind patience, etc."

And he made a low, smiling bow.

"So soon!" exclaimed Valeria, with complimentary candour. "And may one look?"

Edgar turned the easel, and then as abruptly swung it round again.

"No," he said. "On second thoughts, if you will pardon me, I do not think we will submit it for inspection until it is a little nearer completion."

"As you will," she said, with characteristic carelessness.

"What a shame!" said Madame Leclaire.

Edgar smiled.

"Now I will place it in the hall," he said, "and when you will graciously grant me another sitting I will work at it again."

Valeria inclined her head.

"Very well," she said. "I am curious to see whether the picture will be so good as you anticipate."

"I hope your curiosity will induce you to fix an early day for another sitting," said Edgar, with ill-concealed eagerness.

"To-morrow?" said Madame Leclaire.

"No," said Valeria, "not to-morrow. You have accepted Mrs. Armitage's invitation, have you not? And I must have the morning and afternoon for my music. Shall we say the day after, Mr. Raven?—if convenient, of course. You will not let this foolish whim embarrass your serious work?"

"The day after to-morrow," said Edgar, taking her hand and marvelling at its fairy whiteness and human strength. "We shall meet to-morrow at Mrs. Armitage's."

"You are going?" said Valeria, and he fancied—fancied only—that there was a slight tinge of pleasure in the voice.

"Yes," he said; and then he released her hand and left her.

Madame Leclaire accompanied him as far as the hall and found a place for the canvas to stand, then returned to Valeria quite ready to sing the praises of the handsome and attentive Mr. Raven.

"How good-natured he seems," she said. "So different to the supercilious, selfish young men one meets nowadays. He made the morning pass quite pleasantly."

"Yes," said Valeria, absently, "he is very good-natured, madame."

And then she returned to her book, evidently perfectly indifferent to Mr. Raven or his disposition.

The dinner-party at the Armitages' on the morrow was one of those small social gatherings which are generally called cosy affairs.

There were just enough to agreeably fill the tastefully furnished dining-room, and the party was properly made up of pleasing harmonies and effective contrasts.

Edgar Raven, entering the drawing-room at seven o'clock, found nearly all the guests assembled.

Most of them were known to him: Howard, Lord Horace Ellsmere, and Madame Leclaire and Valeria. Besides these there were a foreign count from the Embassy, a Dowager Lady-Smirk, and one or two other ladies, wives of politicians or professional men.

A pleasant party enough, but for Edgar Raven there only wanted one presence, and that was there. Valeria greeted him with her usual calm, self-possessed gravity, and to his question "I hope you have peeped at the picture?" she replied:

"No; I had almost forgotten it."

Miss Armitage, superbly dressed, was gliding about the room waiting on the few last comers, and giving not so much as a glance towards Lord Ellsmere, who was talking in a soft monotone to the dowager.

Presently the door opened and the footman announced:

"Mr. Nugent and Mr. Terence Vane."

Miss Armitage glided towards them with her sweetest smile.

Lord Ellsmere looked up with an admirably feigned expression of pleased astonishment, considering that he had caused them to be invited.

"Jove!" he said, as Terence Vane caught sight of him, and came towards him after shaking hands with Mrs. and Miss Armitage. "Quite an unexpected pleasure! How do you do, Mr. Vane? Ah, Nugent! quite well?"

Nugent, who had not expected to see Ellsmere, veiled his annoyance by a well-bred smile, and the three got into conversation.

A bright, happy smile of pleasure lit up the boy's face, and he evidently meant to enjoy himself.

He looked round the room, and his eyes rested on Miss Armitage with a frank, boyish admiration, which did not escape the keen notice of Lord Ellsmere.

Dinner was announced, and the guests paired in as they were directed by Miss Armitage.

A dinner at Woodley Street, Cavendish Square, was always sure to be worth eating, and to-day's went towards raising the Armitages' reputation.

It was well cooked, well appointed, and well served.

Edgar, who, as we have said before, being strong and stalwart, enjoyed his meals, attacked his soup with his usual grave earnestness.

With the removal of the fish conversation began to flow.

Lord Ellsmere, who had taken in the dowager, sat next Valeria, and commenced, in his languid way, a series of remarks tending to elicit more information as to her past, present and future.

But he failed. To all his indirect questions she returned most admirable parries, and Lord Ellsmere began to regard her with more interest and respect.

"You are rather a clever young lady," he thought. "You have something to conceal. What can it be?"

Then, aloud, he said:

"London is emptying. All the people at their country places, or in Scotland."

"I was afraid we should lose you," said the dowager.

"Oh, I! I have no country place," he said, with an assumed gaiety. "You know, Miss Temple, that though I am Lord Ellsmere I don't own the Ellsmere."

"No?" said Valeria, toying with her bread and lowering her eyes.

"I thought every one knew that," he said. "I am the most commiserated man in the fair kingdom. No, Ellsmere does not belong to me. It has passed into the hands of a cousin of mine, daughter of the late countess. A mere girl. Hard, isn't it?"

"For you—yes," said Valeria; "but a great good fortune for the girl."

"No; give you my word, she doesn't value it. She's something of a maniac, you know; a strange creature."

"You have seen her of course?" said Valeria.

"Oh, often, of course," said Lord Ellsmere, "and always disliked her—naturally, you'll say; but I give you my word, I could not have liked her if she had not stood in my way. The Ellsmeres—saving the present representative, of course—have always been considered tolerably comely; but this lucky cousin of mine is fearfully ugly. Red hair, freckles, and a cast of the eyes."

"Indeed!" said Valeria, with an air of polite interest.

"Yes," continued Lord Ellsmere, revelling in a spiteful joy at maligning the Lady Florice, "yes, and as coarse in mind as she is in body. Not the poor girl's fault, you know, but her misfortune. She has been shut up in an old castle ever since she was born, until her mother died, left to run about uneducated and uncared for. Naturally she has grown up into something like an ignorant savage."

"Naturally," said Valeria. "Poor girl!"

"Poor girl!" echoed Lord Ellsmere. "When her mother died she shut up the castle, sold all the jewels, got together all the ready money, and danced off no one knows whither. They tell me she is in Paris, leading a fine life there; but of course I can't say. Shocking, isn't it?"

"Very!" said Valeria. "How hurt you must feel, and how you must pity her."

"Oh, I do," said Lord Ellsmere, with feigned hypocrisy.

"And should she die the castle will come to you? Did you not say it was a castle?"

"Yes, if she should die unmarried the estate would descend to me," replied Lord Ellsmere, and his face flushed for a moment with greed and hate.

"Then it is to be hoped," said Valeria, "that such an encumbrance to the earth, and shame to your great race, my lord, may quickly pass away and be forgotten."

"Oh, no, I don't say that you know," said Lord Ellsmere, with hypocritical repudiation of the thought. "No, poor girl, she may improve, you know, and turn out a credit to the family, eh, you see?"

"How charitable and kind-hearted of you," said Valeria, with the subtlest gravity. "Really your cousin does not deserve such consideration."

"Ah, I can't help it. I suppose I am a good-natured fellow at heart; I must be, you know, whatever people say, or else I should be very angry with the girl."

"You must indeed be good-hearted," said Valeria.

"Champagne?" asked Lord Ellsmere, thinking it time to change the subject.

Edgar Raven had heard the whole of the conversation, for Valeria was sitting near him, and had suddenly and unaccountably taken a dislike to the tones of my lord's voice.

It sounded, in close contrast with Valeria's, somehow false and unreliable.

Edgar, while he got into conversation, not very willingly, with one of the politicians, listened to the various voices, and he liked Lord Ellsmere's least of all.

The boy, Terence Vane's, was high and clear above the rest, while Nugent's calm, satirical one in vain tried to tone his cousin's down.

Terry had come to enjoy himself, and he was on the pinnacle of satisfaction.

Miss Armitage had said little to him during the early part of the meal, but suddenly Lord Ellsmere caught her eye, and smiled a peculiar smile at the lad.

Miss Armitage's face winced for the moment, then a few moments afterwards she bent forward and addressed a word or two to young Vane.

Terry coloured with pleasure, and the two got into a cross-table talk, Miss Armitage giving him all the encouragement she knew so well how to administer.

The champagne of the first quality was noiselessly passed round by the footman, and Terry never said no.

Edgar, who watched as well as listened, saw that the lad, with all a boy's hearty earnestness, had taken a fair share of wine, and he got the idea in some way that Mr. Vane's glass was filled more frequently than any other.

Presently Mrs. Armitage rose, the ladies filed out into the drawing-room, and the gentlemen were left to their port and claret.

But all felt that it was a lady's dinner, and very soon the exodus to the drawing-room followed.

When Edgar, still talking politics, of which, save foreign ones, he knew very little, entered the saloon he saw that the ante-room had been divided from the large room by a crimson and lace curtain, which on his former visit had been looped up against the sides of the recess.

Some one was at the piano, but not Valeria, and Edgar, looking round, saw her seated looking at some ivory carvings.

He went up to her; she looked up at him for a moment, then made room for him to sit near.

But she would not talk, and listened intently, though the performer could neither play nor sing better than or as well as she herself could.

When the song was finished a buzz of conversation filled the room, and Miss Armitage gliding to and fro seemed to be picking out certain of the gentlemen.

Edgar saw Terry Vane, Nugent, Ellsmere and Harry Howard stroll into the next room, and presently Miss Armitage glided towards him.

"There are some cards in the other room, Mr. Raven, I don't know whether you care to join the others?"

"No, thank you, unless I am wanted to fill a place,"

said Edgar, who had been looking forward to hearing Valeria sing and talk.

Miss Armitage glided away with a sweet smile, and Edgar congratulated himself upon his escape—but rather prematurely—for the curtain was suddenly thrown, and Lord Ellsmere appeared with a pack in his hand.

"We want one more, Mr. Raven, won't you join?"

Edgar, with a smothered exclamation of annoyance, rose and passed into the next room; glancing back as he did so, he saw that Miss Temple had evidently not noticed his departure, for she was still engrossed by the ivory figures.

## CHAPTER XII.

PLAY had commenced; the footman had placed some wine close at hand so that the gentlemen might not be disturbed, and Terence Vane had already helped himself.

Not in the best of humours Edgar Raven sat down and took up his hand.

Loe had been chosen as the opening game at small stakes.

Edgar Raven had played cards and other games of chance or skill in all the countries of the earth almost, and he could, usually, concentrate his attention on the game at a moment's notice, but he found it difficult to do so to-night, for as they commenced whist, which Lord Ellsmere had proposed for a change, Valeria's voice rang out from the other room, and he found it impossible not to listen to and think of her.

He was the more annoyed because Terence Vane was his partner, and he did not want the lad to lose, as he had already done at loe.

Terence, with his brain cleared a little by the playing, was extremely eager to acquit himself well; at whist, and as he held good cards it looked as if Lord Ellsmere and Howard would lose; but in a few moments a curtain was thrust aside and Miss Armitage glided in with her soft smile, which seemed directed at Terence.

"Are you all comfortable?" she said.

"Yes, quite, delightfully so," said Terence, answering for the rest.

"Are you winning?" she said, coming up to him with that air which is so flattering to a young man when it is adopted by a beautiful woman.

"We are now, I think, but I have lost at loe," said Terence.

"I am so sorry," she murmured, in so sweet a voice that Terence's blood rushed to his face with ecstatic delight.

"Are you?" he said, and he played the wrong card.

Lord Ellsmere marked the trick and said, with a laugh:

"Ah, Mr. Vane, you cannot play whist if you listen to the voice of charmers at the same time!"

"I am so sorry!" murmured Miss Armitage. "I forgot that one must not speak to any one while they are playing whist! I don't understand cards at all. Forgive me, Mr. Vane; I caused you to lose that trick!"

"Forgive you!" murmured the excited boy. "I wouldn't mind losing them all if you would sit here and talk!"

"That will never do. I mustn't come in again," she whispered back.

"Oh, yes, do," he exclaimed.

"Well, perhaps I will venture," she said, and she glided away.

As she did so she touched a diamond necklet which she wore, and Lord Ellsmere, catching the sign, led trumps and took another trick.

From that moment the game was lost to Terence Vane.

He could not keep his eyes from wandering towards the curtain, watching for the appearance of the beautiful Miss Armitage, and played rashly and like a boy novice.

Edgar was almost as bad, what with listening to the sorrowful voice in the next room and confusion at Terence Vane's play, and a very nice little heap of gold lay at Lord Ellsmere's elbow.

"Come," he said, "we must change this. Whist is not your game, Mr. Vane. You played écarté, did you not, at the club? Let us try that."

Edgar agreed, and they passed to écarté.

Hardly had they got settled than the curtains opened and Miss Armitage glided in again, this time to see that there was plenty of wine on the small tables.

Terence looked after her, and was completely upset by the winking smile which she vouchsafed him.

So upset was he that although he held good cards as before the game went against him.

He took to feeling for the champagne cup then, and very rapidly the cards swam before his eyes.

"We mustn't play any more, I think," said Lord Ellsmere.

"No," said Edgar, gravely, as he glanced at Terence.

"I was afraid to propose a halt for fear of offending him," murmured Lord Ellsmere.

As it was the lad looked up surprised and demanded why they did not go on.

"I haven't lost half enough yet," he said, with a laugh.

"Why, Mr. Raven, I won a pocketful of money from Lord Ellsmere the other night. Why should he mind winning some of it back? He doesn't think I mind, does he?"

"My dear boy," murmured Lord Ellsmere, laying his white hand on the boy's shoulder. "I think we have had enough for to-night. You have not lost much, but quite enough. I would rather you won than lost. Don't be offended; we all want to leave off."

The generous boy held out his hand.

"Offended, my lord?" he said, with a frank smile.

"Indeed, I could not be with you! I was afraid you might think I cared about losing."

"No, no," said Lord Ellsmere. "Now we'll settle up. Mr. Vane, I will settle with Mr. Howard as you have no more change, and you can give me an IOU."

"Very good," said Terence, and he followed Lord Ellsmere into the next room, the latter apparently forgetting the IOU.

Edgar, who thought that it was a generously devised ruse to let the boy off, thought all the better of my Lord Ellsmere, but he would have changed his opinion if he could have seen what occurred a little later on.

Valeria was surrounded by a small crowd, who seemed to have been filled with enthusiasm by her magnificent voice.

He could not get near her, and he was beginning to feel irritable and inclined to make his escape from a scene which bored him if it were not for Valeria's presence, when he felt a tap on his arm.

He turned and saw Miss Armitage, and for once without her smile.

A shadow of it was there, but the shadow only. The face, handsome and almost brilliant, was pale, and Edgar fancied that he detected a tremor on her well-cut lips.

She had touched him with her fan, that same fan which she had so grasped and clung to on the evening of Lord Ellsmere's anecdote.

"So you have tired of cards, Mr. Raven?" she said.

"Yes," said Edgar; "we have finished, at the table. Some are still occupied."

"So I see," she said.

Then, after a pause, she said, suddenly.

"What fortune have you had?"

"Oh, rather bad," he said, with a smile.

"You have lost?" she said, and he fancied that her face went paler and that her smile grew more shadowy.

"Yes," he said.

"Not much?" she asked.

"No, not much," he replied. "A mere bagatelle."

She sighed almost with relief, and the colour and the smile came back again.

"Mr. Vane has not come off so well," added Edgar. "I am afraid he has lost rather a large sum."

"I am so sorry," said Miss Armitage, but her colour remained and her smile only vanished for a moment.

She did not look at all sorry.

"I do not understand cards," she said, in a low voice, "and—and I have a sort of dislike for them."

"Yes," he said. "You never play then?"

"No—never!" she said, almost sharply. "I wonder," she added, "why gentlemen should be so fond of them?"

"They like the excitement of losing or winning money," replied Edgar, with a laugh.

She looked at him.

"You do not, surely!" she said, as if she would have implied that he should have been above the same.

"I do not know," he said, wondering. "I am afraid I do not care much for the excitement, or find very much in it. I play because I am asked, I suppose."

"Then I would never touch a card again if I had no better reason for so doing!" she said, with suppressed eagerness which was almost fierce.

Edgar turned his dark eyes on her with a calm surprise.

Why should she take the trouble to warn him—so earnestly, too?

"Are you serious?" he asked.

She was about to reply as earnestly as before, but suddenly Lord Ellsmere passed close to them and stood within hearing.

"Oh, no," she said. "Who is serious nowadays? I think cards are a grand amusement for a man; women do not need them because they have so many pastimes: crochet, morning calls, novels, and scandal."

And, with the smile as sweet and masked as ever, she glided away from him.

Edgar looked after her with an inward consciousness that there had been something more than she asserted in her words and her tone, but he dismissed the idea with a shrug of the shoulders, and, seeing no chance of getting near Valeria, was slowly making for the doorway, when Madame Leclaire came up to him.

"Oh, Mr. Raven, would you kindly see if the brougham has come? I am sure Miss Temple is tired. I know her face so well, and it looks so weary."

Edgar glanced at the beautiful face and nodded.

"I will see," he said.

Presently he returned and signalled to Madame Leclaire.

Valeria made her escape, and on the member of parliament's arm descended to the hall.

It was a wet night, but as she was entering the brougham she saw Edgar Raven standing ready to assist her.

She glanced at his bare head and handsome face, upon which the rain was descending in a pitiless shower, and an expression of regret crossed her pale face.

"Mr. Raven, you will be wet through! Pray go in!"

Then, suddenly:

"Oh, if you are going home now, will you ride with us?"

Edgar bowed low, and got in after them with a thrill of delight.

The brougham bowed away, and as it passed the corner of the street a low, rufous figure, with one arm in a sling, slunk out and shook its fist at it.

"Got away to-night," muttered the voice which belonged to the villainous figure. "Smuggled away in her carriage, too! Soh! you can't sneak away always, my fine free-shooter! I shall drop upon you one of these dark nights, and I'll pay you for this;" and with a vicious shake of the wounded arm the figure slunk away.

Valeria's departure seemed to act as the signal for a general break-up, and the dowager, the baronet's wives, the members, and the rest vanished quickly—melted, as it were, beneath Miss Armitage's smile.

Lord Ellsmere, Nugent, Howard, and Terence Vane were of the last, and left together.

Nothing had been said about the IOU, and Lord Ellsmere seemed to have forgotten it, when suddenly Terence exclaimed:

"Lord Ellsmere, the IOU! I have not given it to you."

"Oh, never mind," said Ellsmere; "another time will do. You can't write it out in the rain, you know."

"Yes, I can. I would rather," said the boy, eagerly. "I would rather give it to you to-night."

Lord Ellsmere looked round.

Nugent and Howard had gone off in the latter's cab, under the impression that Lord Ellsmere would follow with Vane to the club.

"If you must give it to me to-night, come to my chambers and write it. Or, better still," he said, as if an idea had just occurred to him, "we will go and see a little life, eh?"

"I should be delighted," said Terence, eagerly, taking out his pocket-book and scribbling on a leaf.

"But let me write the IOU first," he said. "How much was it?"

"Let me remember. Oh, yes. Three hundred pounds. Was it? Yes, that is right. I paid Howard his half, and there's now one hundred and fifty for me, I am sorry to say."

"All right," said Terence, gaily; "here it is. And now, where do you say we shall go?"

"Where we shall see some fun," replied Lord Ellsmere. "Jump in."

Terence leapt into the vehicle, and Lord Ellsmere took the reins.

"We want some fun after the slow evening we've had. Dinner parties are dull, eh?"

"Do you think so?" replied Terry. "I think them jolly, awfully jolly. I say, my lord, isn't Miss Armitage magnificently beautiful?"

"Yes, she is a pretty woman," replied the tempter.

"But you mustn't call me 'my lord,' you know. Call me Ellsmere, my dear boy."

"All right," responded Terence. "You're very kind! but I say, you shouldn't call Miss Armitage a pretty woman! She's more than that! She's the most beautiful woman in the world I think! Do you know her very well? I'm so obliged to you for asking Nugent to let me go, it was kind! Do you

think she will ask me again, Lord—I mean Ellsmere?"

"I don't doubt it," said the astute Mentor. "And I should go. It's a nice house, and you meet good people, Mr. Vane; I think I'll call you Terry for short."

"Oh, do, I was just going to ask you," said the lad, warmly.

"What was I saying?" resumed Lord Ellsmere. "Oh, yes! Miss Armitage is an agreeable young lady, and by Jove, Terry, my boy, I think you have made an impression; I never saw her smile so sweetly, or talk so much to any one before!"

"No!" exclaimed Terence Vane, in a low, delighted voice.

"Yes," said Lord Ellsmere; "evidently you have taken her fancy. I should call and see her when I had time if I were you, for as you say she is a beautiful woman, and it's well to have a beautiful woman for your friend."

The boy's heart beat fast, moved by the tempter's voice and deluding vision.

"I will," he said, and he seemed too moved with delight to speak.

Suddenly Lord Ellsmere pulled up the horse almost on its haunches, and as the groom sprang to its head told Terence Vane to jump out.

"Why!" exclaimed the boy. "The street is all dark, and—what a narrow, dirty one! Where are we, Ellsmere?"

"Nearer some fun than you think, my dear boy!" said Lord Ellsmere and, giving the groom some directions in a low voice he locked his arm through the boy's and led him up a small court.

Here he stopped and turning cautiously round pulled a bell handle which was half hidden in an obscure door post.

(To be continued.)

#### GETTING HOME AGAIN.

It must be admitted that one of the greatest pleasures attending summer travel is that of arriving at home again. Once more at home—what a feeling of relief! You appreciate home now more than ever. There are so many comforts, so many luxuries—little things, perhaps, and simple, but luxuries to you, because you like them—which are wanting in the best hotel or on board the best steamer—and much of ease and comfort and independence!

In fact you enjoy many things about travel more in remembrance than you do at the time. The pleasant parts come back to you without the disagreeable accompaniments—the heat, the dust, the mosquitoes, and the un congenial people.

It is now October, and people who went out of town to be respectable, can now come home to be comfortable and happy. A cheerful, delightful month is October! You can be where you please and not be unfashionable: and many a woman's heart rejoices in that freedom.

#### ANECDOTE OF SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

SIR CHARLES JAMES NAPIER was one of the bravest, one of the most popular, and one of the most successful officers in the British service. A story of his life, if it could be told in whole as he and his wife and his most intimate friends tell it in parts, would be one of the most interesting things ever published. His career in India, for true bravery and well-merited success, is almost without a parallel. He it was who enunciated as his maxim in military matters, never to give way before barbarians, whatever might be the disparity of numbers; and he never did. His soldiers knew that he would never give way; they believed in him; he inspired them with confidence; and, as a result, going in determined to win or die, they always won, though often arrayed against more than tenfold their own number. At Meeanee Sir Charles overcame thirty-five thousand Beloochees with two thousand men of his own.

The following anecdote of adventure, which happily illustrates the wonderful nerve and coolness of this distinguished officer, both Sir Charles and his wife were fond of relating. His wife was a loving and lovable woman, kind and gentle, and in every way worthy of her illustrious husband. The incident happened in India:

Sir Charles and Lady Napier were riding one evening, unattended, on the summit of the Mahabesh Hill. The sun had just set, the pathway was narrow, bordered on one side by jungle, and on the other by a deep precipice. By-and-by, turning to his wife rather suddenly, but yet quietly, he desired her to ride on at full speed to the nearest village, and send some people back to the spot where she had left him, and he furthermore bade her not to ask him the reason why he sent her. She obeyed in silence—wonderful quality in woman—but then she knew her husband. Yet it was no slight trial of her courage as well as of her obedience, for the way was lonely, and

beset with many possible perils; but she rode boldly and rapidly forward, and gained a village a few miles distant in safety.

The party whom she then despatched and accompanied met Sir Charles, however, about a mile from the place, following in his lady's track; and he then explained the reason of his strange and unquestionable demand.

He had seen, as they slowly walked their horses, first a pair of fiery eyes gleam at them from the jungle, and then the head of a full-grown tiger. He was sure, if they both rode on, that the terrible beast, following the instinct of its nature, would give chase; and he feared if Lady Napier knew the dreadful peril at hand that she might be so startled as to be unable to make an effort at escape; or at least that she would not consent to his own judicious plan, and leave him alone with the danger. So he tested her obedience, as we have seen, successfully. He remained himself, with only his holster pistols, confronting and controlling the monster with the steady, unflinching glance of his eagle eye, and after a short gaze, and a muttering growl, the tiger turned back into the jungle, leaving him free to follow his wife.

S. C.

#### BUILDING ON THE SAND.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed,  
For so the world hath done  
Since myrtles grow, and roses blow,  
And morning brou'nt the sun.  
But have a care, ye young and fair,  
Be sure you pledge with truth;  
Be certain that your love will wear  
Beyond the days of youth!  
For if ye give not heart for heart,  
As well as hand for hand,  
You'll find you've played the unwise part,  
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have  
A goodly store of gold.  
And hold enough of shining stuff,  
For charity is cold.  
But place not all your hope and trust  
In what the deep mine brings;  
We cannot live on yellow dust  
Unmixed with purer things.  
And he who piles up wealth alone  
Will often have to stand  
Beside his coffer chest, and own  
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise  
And soothe where'er we can;  
Fair speech should bind the human mind,  
And love link man to man.  
But stop not at the gentle words;  
Let deeds with language dwell;  
The one who piles starving birds,  
Should scatter crumbs as well.  
The mercy that is warm and true  
Must lend a helping hand,  
For those that talk, yet fail to do,  
But "build upon the sand."

E. C.

#### STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL.

WE publish an account of the interior of the celebrated cathedral at Strasbourg, a city which suffered the horrors of bombardment in the late war between France and Germany; but the cathedral enjoyed almost complete immunity, and the renowned clock altogether escaped injury.

A flight of steps leads up into the choir, under which is a crypt, the most ancient portion of the existing edifice. In the south transept are seen the upper part of the clock and the celebrated Angel Column, a beautiful example of thirteenth century sculpture. The clock was completed in four years by Herr Schwilgue, to replace the one constructed in 1750, which had been itself preceded by the clock of Bishop Berthold. The maker of the first clock, according to the legend, was blinded by his fellow-townsmen, lest he should construct a similar one for some other city.

The second clock was designed by Conrad Dasy-podius, professor of mathematics at Strasbourg, in conjunction with the brothers Habrecht, mechanicians, of Schaffhausen. The decorations of the case were due to the painter, Tobias Stimmer, a native of the same town. This clock stopped in 1789, and in 1838 Herr Schwilgue undertook the restoration. The mechanical part of his work is completely new, and far superior to that of his predecessors. The old decorations and the general design of the former clock have as far as possible been preserved. The whole consists of an edifice of three stories, with a tower to the left in which the weights are contained,

In front of the bottom storey is a celestial globe adjusted for the latitude of Strasbourg, and behind it a perpetual calendar with a dial in the centre, on which the eclipses of the sun and moon are calculated. On either side are compartments giving the Dominical letter, the solar and lunar cycles, the true and mean time, etc. Above is the clock dial with two gnomons, one of whom strikes the first note of the quarters, while the other marks the hour by inverting a sand glass.

In the second storey is an orrery on the Copernican system, a dial plate on which the phases of the moon are depicted in black and gold, and the group of the four ages of man, one of whom strikes the second note of each quarter, while Death in the centre marks the hour. Above these in the third story the Saviour waves the banner of redemption and blesses the twelve Apostles, who pass before him every day at noon, after which Death strikes the hour, the Genius below inverts his glass, and a cock upon the weight tower crows thrice in memory of the temptation of St. Peter. The procession of the puppets is as great an attraction to ordinary tourists as is the complicated mechanism of the works to scientific visitors.

#### A CUNNING EXPEDIENT.

THERE is a fable among the Hindoos that a thief, having been detected and condemned to die, happily hit an expedient which gave him hope of life. He sent for his jailer and told him a secret of great importance which he desired to impart to the king, and when this had been done he would be prepared to die.

After receiving this piece of intelligence, the king at once ordered the culprit to be conducted to his presence, and demanded of him to know his secret. The thief replied that he knew the secret of causing a tree to grow which would bear fruit of pure gold. The experiment might be easily tried, and his majesty would not lose the opportunity.

The king, accompanied by his prime minister, his courtiers and his chief priest, went with the thief to a spot selected near the city wall, where the latter performed a series of solemn incantations. This done, the condemned man produced a piece of gold, and declared that if it should be planted, it would produce a tree, every branch of which would bear gold.

"But," he added, "this must be put into the ground by a hand that has never been stained by a dishonest act. My hand is not clean; therefore I pass it to your majesty."

The king took the piece of gold, but hesitated. Finally he said:

"I remember, in my younger days, that I often filched money from my father's treasury which was not mine. I have repented of the sin; but yet I hardly dare to say my hand is clean. I pass it to my prime minister."

The prime minister, after a brief consideration, answered:

"It were a pity to break the charm through a possible blunder. I receive taxes from the people, and, as I am exposed to a great many temptations, how can I be sure that I have been always perfectly honest? I must give it to the governor of the citadel."

"No, no!" cried the governor, drawing back. "Remember that I have the serving out of pay and provisions to the soldiers. Get the high priest to plant it!"

The priest said:  
"You forget that I have the collecting of tithes, and the disbursements for sacrifices."

The thief exclaimed at length:  
"Your majesty, I think it were better for society that all five of us should be hanged, since it appears that not an honest man can be found among any of us."

In spite of the lamentable exposure, the king laughed; and so pleased was he with the thief's cunning expedient that he at once granted him a pardon.

A WORTHY FAMILY.—The famous Rothschild family, renowned for their almost fabulous wealth, are said to be extremely kind to the poor. The men are immersed in business; they are charitable; but the people will say that it is easy to be charitable if you are rich. The women are public-spirited, intelligent, and warm-hearted, founding hospitals, reformatories, children's homes, endowing scholastic institutions, encouraging struggling professionals, and taking a personal interest in the doings of the poor. One of their number takes an active interest in free schools. Another teaches a lesson to all rich young ladies by receiving a well-deserved diploma as teacher. Still another is prominent in music, not only composing songs that attain popularity, but aiding struggling musicians by pen and purse.



[THE MEETING IN THE MUSEUM.]

## OLD RUFFORD'S MONEY; OR, WON WITHOUT MERIT, LOST WITHOUT DESERVING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"Fighting for Freedom," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

He that is thy friend indeed  
He will help thee at thy need. *Shakespeare.*

MR. RICHARD CHILLINGWORTH, supposed to be on a horse-buying journey into the Low Countries duly arrived in the then very dirty and now not over clean town of Harwich, and after a comfortable sleep at the New Pier Hotel, for he was thoroughly tired out with the excitement and journeying of the previous twenty-four hours, was called ere daybreak, and before the sluggish January sun had coloured the eastward sky was on the deck of a vessel described in certain bills and advertisements as "the new and fast steam-ship 'Aquila,' specially built for the passenger service between Harwich and Antwerp," and certainly well adapted for the navigation of what Goldsmith aptly calls the "lazy Scheldt."

A pleasant voyage, somewhat prolonged by a dense fog, which in winter usually shrouded the low Dutch coast-line, so that the steamer made half a dozen fruitless attempts to feel the right channel out of a number by which the said "lazy Scheldt" finds its way into the North Sea, they made good way up the river to Flushing.

There, having been boarded and examined by the customs' guards of Mynheer Van Dunk, they quitted the Dutch dominions and entered on those of his Most Gracious Majesty Leopold the First, Roi des Belges.

A few hours, and Mr. Chillingworth was landed in the renowned and ancient city of Antwerp, and being recommended by his friend Briddon to a comfortable second-class hotel on the Quai Jordaens, kept by a worthy Yorkshireman of the name of Bingo, he forthwith engaged, as is the Antwerp fashion, apartments for a month, at a rent, to include all meals and attendance, dining at the table d'hôte, and this at a charge so moderate that his bill, exclusive of wines, was a few shillings more than the cost of a week's sojourn in a London establishment of a similar class. The windows of his apartments commanded a prospect of the triple rows of limes, then bare and leafless, which line the quay, and beyond the busy river, alive with craft of all sorts and sizes,

from the bluff-bowed, oak-venished Dutch fisher galliot craft and the English steamship to the proud, square-rigged frigate and East India or China ships of equally majestic proportions. A pleasant admixture of company in the "commercial room" and at the dinner table, and forenoons spent in visiting the glorious cathedral, with its masterpieces of Rubens, the various churches, with their wonders of mediæval wood carvings, paintings by the great Flemish masters, and exquisite sculptures in marble, made a week pass rapidly.

Had it not been for the "skeleton in the closet" which the proverb declares to exist in every house, Reginald might have enjoyed his visit to this interesting old city, but as time passed on and he heard nothing from Briddon, his suspense became unendurable, and he resolved, *comme qui couste*, to write to England, even should the act be followed by a discovery of his place of refuge. He had spent the morning in a ramble through the wonderful Musée d'Anvers, and was standing in almost a reverie opposite the fine picture of the repulse of a night attack on Antwerp by Spanish soldiers, when he became aware of a bystander in a long blue cloak, who stood gazing on him with fixed attention. Now, Reginald had, as a matter of precaution, adhered strictly to the disguise of reddish hair and light red whiskers, with the grazier or horse-dealer habiliments procured for him by Briddon, so that to a cursory observer he presented as little appearance of a banker's clerk or City man as could well be conceived. But it was this very rusticity of outward garb that had first attracted the attention of William Sherlock, who was somewhat surprised at the long scrutiny which the great picture was receiving from such a bucolic-looking personage, of whose country the young officer's travelled eye had not a moment's doubt. Young Sherlock was fast growing into a suspicion of the stranger's identity, when the latter caught his eye.

The effect was electric.

Reginald Chesterton sprang forward, and the two friends shook hands with a fervour that quite distanced a French embrace of long-parted friends, though unaccompanied by that very disagreeable Continental ceremony of a kiss on cheek or forehead.

The first silent greeting over, for neither spoke for a few seconds, Reginald withdrew his hand.

"Pardon me, my dear friend," said he; "I fear I have committed an offence against sacred friendship in taking the hand of a man of honour, who may as yet be ignorant of the heavy charge hanging over one whom he had loved and respected. I am a

fugitive and wanderer from my native home, an outlaw with a price upon—"

"Not another word, Reginald, as you value my friendship. I know all—ay, more than you can tell me, of the imputed crime, from which I hope I may yet be the means of exculpating you, and of restoring you once again to your friends and to society. Think you I am that fair-weather friend who would spread sail and part company when the black clouds of adversity lower and the tempest of misfortune sweeps over the helpless barque which carries my comrade and his fortunes? Reginald Chesterton, I refused to believe in your guilt from the moment I heard the charges; nay, when I read that passage in your letter wherein you spoke of living down and punishing the vile conspiracy against your honour, I avowed my belief in your truth and honesty. I am now in search of some traces of the bank notes stolen from the missing parcels. An intelligent and excellent young man, a guard on the Dover Railway, who is known to you—"

"Known to me, did you say?"

"Yes, and a right worthy, though humble friend, for any man to know."

"Have you his name?"

"Yes. It is Joseph Nightingale. He gave me valuable information as to the best course to pursue in my inquiries, and, like me, believes in your innocence."

"It is strange, passing strange," said Reginald, musingly. "Joseph Nightingale was in the service of a friend of mine, a barrister in the Middle Temple, and therefore knows me well. But he is now the servant of my friend's elder brother, at Melbourne. He wrote me, about a year ago, a grateful and respectful letter, thanking me for my recommendation, speaking in warm terms of his position in Australia, and, moreover, announcing his impending marriage to a respectable female in the same family. When this event took place he was to receive the more lucrative appointment of stock-keeper and manager of an extensive farm of his master's, and depart for a residence in 'the bush.' Surely honest Joe Nightingale cannot have broken up all these prospects, returned to England, and been for months a guard on a railway, without finding me, or at least advising me of such a total change in his life prospects."

"Yet it must be so, friend Reginald," said William Sherlock; "what motive could the young man have for such a fabrication? However, we have matters more important to investigate than the personal identity of Joseph Nightingale, the guard."

"True; though the occurrence is strange. Will you come with me to the Hotel Jordane, or rather the Hotel Biage, for that's where I am staying?"

"And I at the Hotel d'Anvers, in La Place Verte; but I will go to yours, as the quieter establishment."

The friends called a vigilante and were soon tête-à-tête in Reginald's apartments.

William Sherlock detailed to his exiled friend the distress and dismay which the terrible news of the arrival of the London detectives at Broadmoor, with the reward for Reginald's apprehension, had produced throughout the little community, and the precautions which had been adopted by Bushby Frankland and Sir Robert Percival to prevent an abrupt disclosure to Cecilia Chesterton of the perilous position in which her brother was placed.

In return Reginald narrated the zealous kindness of Ben Braddon, suppressing all objectionable details of his play connections with that rather questionable personage.

Indeed, so content de rose did he paint his friend's services in his time of peril, that the generous young officer declared his unreserved admiration of Braddon's conduct, and his intention of seeing that such services did not go unacknowledged and unrewarded if ever the opportunity should offer for such recognition.

Thus they sat communing until the gray mists of a winter's evening began to gather over the willow-fringed polders and flat country on the opposite bank of the Scheldt.

Reginald proposed an adjournment to the commercial room and a pipe of *Varinas K'naster*, as the adjunct of a glass tankard of the finest Barton ale, specially shipped for the proprietor of the Hotel Binge.

A private table was occupied by them until toward the hour of eight, when the room gradually filled, and the conversation, chiefly upon European politics, as affecting the exchanges and public securities of the various states, and the especial municipal and trading interests of the good city of Antwerp, was general and animated.

A couple of men, one having the appearance of a commis-voyageur, anglic "natty bagman," the other a Flemish tradesman, were in half-whispered converse.

"This is a good place—a very good place, I should say," observed one of the men, with a slight foreign accent, in English. "The landlord is an Englishman, and won't hesitate a moment, as he is well acquainted with good notes."

"But he knows me well," interposed the other, in German-French. "It would be better done by a stranger."

"Then you mean me to do it?"

"Of course I do, friend Karl."

"Nonsense! you're a precious deal too particular. I'll do it though, but you must stand something handsome."

"I only intend to change a ten here," replied the first speaker, "and that won't stand much."

"Why not a twenty; it will be just as easy?"

"Very well, then, let it be a twenty."

A leather note-case was produced, and from it the shorter man selected a Bank of England note for twenty pounds, and placed it in the hands of his companion without another word.

He merely accepted it with a nod, and producing a pack of cards, proposed a game at quinqué to his confederate. The latter assented, and they were soon apparently engaged in the chances of play.

They did not notice the eager attention with which their colloquy had been listened to by the two men at the next table, and after exchanging a significant glance, as the worthy old landlord who was attending in person to the replenishing of the large japanned box, whence each customer who pays for "a long Dutchman" may fill his pipe gratuitously for the rest of the evening, one of them said aloud, in French:

"It's very unfortunate—two livres—I have nothing but an English note—can you change it?"

"I could if I was at home, but I cannot now," replied his confederate; "but here's Mr. Binge will break it up for you. Landlord, have you Belgian money enough to give my friend change for an English twenty?"

"A twenty, monsieur? I will see."

Reginald stared at the note as it passed from the man's hand to that of honest old Binge as eagerly as if his existence depended upon that note proving to be one of those stolen from the railway parcel.

"That is a most absurd and improbable accident," whispered reason and probability.

Now reason and probability often prove very unsafe guides in estimating mundane chances; indeed, so true is it that truth is stranger than fiction that the very circumstance of a note stolen in England being thus fortuitously changed in Ant-

werp in the presence of its rightful owner was an event which occurred under the eye of the writer some thirty years ago.

We have said that Reginald gazed eagerly at the note. His friend was prompt in action.

"If you have not the gold, sir," said William Sherlock, "I dare say I can oblige the gentleman—did you say twenty pounds?"

Mr. Binge, who had by this time examined the note in his hand, transferred it to his guest, Reginald, who sat nearest to the end of the table.

He could not control his agitation as he handed it to Captain Sherlock. It was indeed one of the stolen notes.

Captain Sherlock had not the full amount of gold, so Reginald made it up by a five pound English note; thus, if necessary, obtaining an additional clue to identification of the sterner.

Reginald left the room. He was literally choking with the pain of a spasmodic attack.

Captain Sherlock took the earliest opportunity of following him.

They waited in the passage the coming out of the landlord.

"Do you know those two men?" asked Reginald.

"One of them—he is a money-changer in this city. The other I believe to be a traveller for a German house, who often visits England."

"Can you assist me? I wish to give those men into the hands of the police," said Captain Sherlock.

"The note is one of a number stolen."

"Stolen? Here, or in England?" asked the landlord.

"In England?"

"I am much afraid that I cannot assist you; there is no proof of which they will take cognizance here of these men having stolen them, and if there were the authorities will not enforce your English law. You must watch and wait, and do the best you can. Our magistracy and police will merely set upon proof of offences committed within their jurisdiction by people subject to their laws. The arrest of a tradesman in the position of M. B., who is a money-changer and bullion-dealer, on the charge of having possession of an English note not honestly come by would excite indignation, and certainly lead to his discharge by the authorities, with a demonstration of public sympathy."

Captain Sherlock and Reginald both saw the force of the landlord's observations. Yet it was trying to forego some attempt to fix the parties thus found dealing with the stolen property.

The landlord advised an application to the British consul, a statement of the case, and a request for a police authorization of a domiciliary visit of the house of M. B., a search for the notes, and a process verbal of their seizure should they be found.

"I think," said William Sherlock, "we are in good fortune here. The British consul is my professional brother, once an officer in the navy, Captain Horace Twiss. He will assist me so far as his influence may go."

"That is good," said the host. "The British consul is the best man in Antwerp to help you. There is also another circumstance in your favour. The king is in favour of an extradition treaty mutually to give up offenders against law, and the British minister is negotiating it. They will help you. But the people consider fraudulent debtors and fugitive swindlers a profitable class of immigrants, and their sympathies are against the law."

At this moment their conversation was suddenly interrupted.

The commercial traveller who had changed the note came out into the passage which led from the front door of the hotel on the way to the back-door, from which, passing across the yard, you pass into one of those evil smelling, dark, narrow back lanes, bordered on each side by old six-storey houses, and tenanted by the vilest of the dregs of a seafaring population.

One end of this was blocked by a vast brewery, the other debouched on a tidal dock-quay, where vessels were day and night loading and unloading, according to the rise and fall of the waters of the Scheldt.

Here the Dutch drinking shops were open day and night, and the lowest of the populace, male and female, seemed to keep up a continual turmoil of drinking, swearing, and singing, varied by an occasional fight with fists, feet, or knives.

The stranger turned to the left hand, and passed close by the two friends, Mr. Binge conversing with them from within the raised window of the glazed bar.

He cast a sidelong glance at William Sherlock, and gave a nod of recognition to the landlord. He then made his way towards the back door.

"Perhaps he has the rest of the notes on him," said the captain.

"Very possible, but it—"

"I'll follow him," said William Sherlock, and before the somewhat plethoric landlord could get open the small hatch of his door, or express his desire that Reginald would stop his friend's rash attempt, the fearless young Englishman had carried his resolve into action, and had disappeared into the darkness visible of the black back alley on the trail of the suspected stranger.

Reginald and Mr. Binge peered along the palpable obscure, but Reginald could distinguish nothing; the more practised eye of Mr. Binge caught sight of a dark object turning the corner of one of the narrow lateral passages, where hung a glimmering oil lamp suspended by a house-cord over the central gutter of the alley.

"It is in vain to follow him," said his host, laying his hand on Reginald's arm.

"I must," replied the latter, and shaking off his detainer with gentle violence, he walked rapidly down the lane.

He saw one or two Spanish women on the stone steps, and a foreign sailor or two in a state of intoxication, but no sign of William Sherlock, or the stranger.

He had overshoot the narrow turning they had taken, and arrived on the better-lighted dark quay, which we have already described. He stopped in doubt among rows of sacks and piles of packages. A couple of municipal gendarmes in their neat green and black uniforms, with short wood-bayonet and light sabre, approached him.

There were two, he observed, for such was the desperate character of the denizens of the locality that the armed police were ordered not to venture singly within its precincts.

Reginald saluted them with a good night; they halted, and a few words of commonplace civility were exchanged.

Suddenly a cry of "Murder!" and of "Rope!" was heard lower down the quay, and the gendarmes, followed by Reginald, hurried towards it.

We must retrace a few paces of the road to relate how this originated.

When William Sherlock plunged into the darkness of the back street down which the stranger was making his way he quickly became aware that the object of his pursuit was proceeding at an unusually rapid pace some distance in advance of him. Keeping himself close under the shadow of the lofty and overhanging buildings, and the stranger being nearly in the middle of the roadway, it soon, as his eye became accustomed to the imperfect light, kept his moving figure in view.

At about fifty yards, opposite to the miserable glimmer already mentioned, the man turned sharp to the right hand and made his way along a yet narrower lane for some distance.

William Sherlock followed cautiously.

Again the man turned, this time to the left, in the direction of the dock quay, and it was with some difficulty that the young officer avoided betraying himself by coming upon him suddenly. He had alarmed him, for guilt is ever suspicious. Two men passed on to the quay then turning short stood under the penthouse of a gateway.

William Sherlock emerged from the lane and looked right and left. He saw no one. He peered at the entrances to the houses, and there his eye, practised to examine objects in the half-light, perceived the stranger crouching in the angle of the gate. With more courage than prudence he at once slipped up, and seizing his man by the collar with a vice-like grip he dragged him forth into the light of a lamp.

"Soondre! I will not part with you till I know more of you. Police!"

It was the fellow's cry of "Murder" as he writhed helplessly in the iron grasp of the sailor that first met the ears of Reginald and the gendarmes.

The first to arrive were of course some of the longshore roughs and sailors and a few women. These, in response to the man's cry of a "Rescue" crowded round them. They saw that it was a struggle of a well dressed man, whom they at once set down as a foreign officer of justice, and one who was flying from his pursuit.

"Let go the man, will you!" exclaimed one of the boldest of the small crowd. "Let him go, I say," and he endeavoured to extricate the stranger from Sherlock's grasp.

"Stand off!" cried he, "he is my prisoner."

"We'll have no prisoners here," cried another, and striking under the elbow of the first ruffian he stabbed William Sherlock in the forearm with his sharp rigging-knife.

Supposing the wound to have been given by the rough who had first attempted the rescue, William Sherlock, stung with the pain, relaxed his hold a moment, during which the stranger slipped from his clutch and away through the crowd, which made a clear passage for him.

There was a yell of triumph, and the next moment William Sherlock had clinched the fellow who had assailed him, and, with a wrestler's skill, backheeled him so cleanly that he rolled clear away over the edge of the dark wall into the muddy waters beneath, in most unpleasant proximity to the side of a made-fast vessel scarcely a yard from the landing quay. The mob were about to close upon him and the cowardly ruffian, a Spanish sailor, who had stabbed him, was again seeking a secret opportunity to repeat his blow, when the two gendarmes, with a relief patrol of six more of the city-guard, arrived simultaneously. The assassin sheathed his knife and mingled with the crowd, who now with one voice charged Captain Sherlock with assaulting and murdering the sailor he had thrown into the muddy dock.

Reginald was indeed concerned when he found that his friend was wounded, but glad that they had found him, as the opportune arrival of the armed police had protected him from further violence.

The officer of the relief was most courteous. William Sherlock cheerfully giving himself into custody, the men forming up two in front and one porting arms on each side, while William Sherlock and his friend Reginald Chesterton, marched as prisoners under escort in the centre.

Thus they proceeded to the guardhouse, where, a surgeon having dressed William Sherlock's stab, which he pronounced to be a clean cut and not dangerous to so healthy a subject, the pair of friends despatched a messenger to the anxious host of the Hotel Jordans, who, we may be sure, came back sooner than the lesson he had Mercury who went for him.

His word and their names and addresses (Reginald was compelled to maintain his alias) were considered sufficient by the commissaire de police, and by ten o'clock the two friends, waited upon by heavy old Binge in person, were talking lightly over a good supper of what might have been a fatal adventure.

As to Reginald, his joyous excitement at the fortunate recovery of the twenty-pound note seemed as if he looked upon it as a complete exculpation.

He more than once, to the amusement of mirror host and William Sherlock, requested "another look" at the wonderfully recovered "Matthew Marshall," again minutely inspected the precious "promise to pay" of the Old Lady of Threadenkle Street, and once again verified the number, date, and value, by the advertised list contained in a cutting from the "Times" newspaper.

It was nearly midnight when William Sherlock, his arm in a sling, but strenuously denying that his wound was more than a scratch, took his departure for the Place Verte, and Reginald retired to his sleeping apartments overlooking the broad and placid river.

The night was clear, cold and moonlight. The ebb tide carried rapidly on its silvered waters the gliding craft, so clumsy, black, and grim-looking by day, now, by the magic of the moonbeams and their projected shadows, stealing along like dusky phantoms and made picturesque by the glaucous of the night and silence.

He sat watching the scene until weariness overtook his senses, and he laid down to dream the first pleasant dreams that had visited his pillow since the early days of his London life, afterwards so full of folly, difficulty, distress and danger.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

We left Captain Sherlock and Reginald Chesterton in the great maritime entrepot and second capital city of the brave Belgae, highly satisfied with what they supposed to be a most important discovery of a clue to unravel the maze of mystery surrounding the bank robbery at the railway terminus.

It is now time, in order that our story, at home and abroad, should advance, *pari passu*, that we should take a glance at the action of other persons involved or engaged in the same search, and those whose feelings and interests are involved in the terrible charge against young Chesterton, and its influence on the fortunes of his family and friends.

We have spoken of the communication of the painful facts by Bushy Frankland to Ralph Chesterton, and of his tender solicitude to prevent their becoming too abruptly known to Cecilia.

This was a task of some delicacy and difficulty, for it so happened that my Lord Pennington, whose fussy self-importance made him the imperative arbiter of all such arrangements, had fixed a day in the second week in January for the marriage of his daughter with Pennington Perceval, and might have the preparations for the approaching event at Pennington House, as well as at the ancestral home of the Percevals.

Now Bushy Frankland had, with a full knowledge of this, after a conference with his cousin Ralph, ob-

tained the assent of Cecilia Chesterton to the ceremonial of their union in the same church, on the same day, by the same minister, while by way of grand finale a triple event had been talked of by Sir Robert and Dr. Sherlock, for simultaneous celebration, this being no less than the making of one of Amina Perceval with the gallant Captain Sherlock, by means of that solemn rite which beginneth with the words "Dearly beloved," and endeth with the word "amen."

Now, with regard to two of these couples, the events we have just detailed presented an inseparable bar to their immediate fulfilment. The honest, straightforward Leicestershire squire was sorely perplexed in consequence. He could not take the hand of his beloved fiancée, and enter with her upon what he looked on as the happiest day of his life, and he hoped of hers, while her brother, who despite his indiscretions was her best-beloved, stood in point-blank peril of the heaviest blow of the penal law. Yet how to disclose the true nature of the obstacle and their marriage was beyond Squire Frankland's ingenuity to contrive.

As to Ralph Chesterton himself the effects of the blow were but too visible. His was not a nature for an outburst of passionate grief; a fierce but short flame as of straw or stubble. No; his was a hard and stubborn soul, capable of heating like hardened steel, and glowing in endurance, yet of retaining that consuming fire like the temper and unyielding steel itself. His internal agony, therefore, had an intensity impossible for softer natures. As he gradually became aware of the full particulars of what he considered his son's black criminality his suppressed agitation became fearful to behold. A deathly pallor overspread his rigid features. He spoke not, but with bowed head, compressed lips, and convulsively clenched hands, paced the apartment in which the disclosure was tenderly and gradually made by his kindly cousin. Ralph Chesterton listened until Bushy Frankland ceased speaking, then, placing himself before him, seemed about to put a question. But speech came not. His eyes were fixed; and ere the astonished and alarmed Squire Frankland could reach the bell to summon assistance his breast heaved as if with an imprisoned groan, his whole frame grew rigid, and the strong man fell heavily to the ground, senseless, breathless, and apparently lifeless. It was a stroke of apoplexy, induced by suppressed emotion.

Fortunately, at that moment Cecilia was absent for a time on a visit in the village; indeed, Bushy Frankland had deferred his revelation until he had seen her go out. Before she came back consciousness had returned; and it was almost the first request of Ralph Chesterton to his cousin that all mention of the cause of his seizure should be withheld from his daughter. Indeed, that he himself should see her, in the room to which he had been conveyed, and give his own version of his illness and of his feelings in consequence.

This was done, and Cecilia, though deeply affected at her father's indisposition, betook herself to the task of cheering him, without the slightest suspicion that the reaction of the mind had ought to do with the "fainting fit" with which her beloved father had been overcome.

Then, as to the other couple in the threefold wedding—Amina Perceval and William Sherlock—the lady had not been yet called into the family council, and the bridegroom—we hope our lady-readers will not think him ungallant or cold—had positively postponed all idea of devoting his present leave of absence to any object but clearing his friend's fame and restoring him to his home.

That, therefore, was also "on the shelf," as our Yankee cousins say, and in fact deferred to the "Greek calends."

Matters matrimonial were accordingly at a dead lock in Broadmoor, and the only "marrylug and giving in marriage" was the grand event at Pennington, which would give, at a future date, a new master and mistress to the joint estates and ancestral homes of the Percevals and Penningtons.

And this was indeed an event. The Lady Augusta was known far and near for good deeds, amiability, and a firm resolve to uphold the good and great name of her forefathers and of the females who had borne in successive generations the noble name by marriage which she now held by direct descent. Her motherless position had thus placed her in a more independent position as the mistress of Pennington, and tenantry, neighbours and friends were prepared to receive her husband, whenever he should appear, as the future Lord of Pennington, its honours, title, and lands.

Accordingly, when it became generally known that the bridegroom was Pennington Perceval, and that the rejoicings at both the Grange and Pennington Park were to be simultaneous and in friendly rivalry of profusion and splendour, everybody congratulated everybody—as nobody was left uninvited to the rejoicings, from the smallest child who could

much plumcakes and wonder at a bonfire and fireworks, and the rustic clown and ploughman who could enjoy beef, beer, baccy and plum-pudding up to the would-be-gentle small tradesman's wife and daughters, who had cards to the ball in the great hall, and the *crème-de-la-crème* of the aristocracy, lineal, fashionable, literary, legal, medical, and moneyed of —shire. We need not doubt that all looked *coulour de rose* for the matrimonial festivity, which was to effect the happy union of the two great county families of Pennington and Perceval. Nevertheless, there were those absent from these merry-making whose presence was sorely missed.

To be continued.

### KATE'S ELOPEMENT; OR, SINNING AND REPENTING.

#### CHAPTER I.

"SHE does not love him!"

With these words on her lips Mrs. Hallowell left Kate standing at the window and glided silently from the room. There was a sorrowful expression on her wrinkled face and her aged eyes swam in tears.

The granddaughter caught the expression and turned, but too late.

The old lady was gone.

"Perhaps I am a trifle too wilful," she said, forcing a smile to her lips. "Grandmother thinks the world and all of him, and if I do not marry him her good old heart might break. Do I love Walter Gray? Let me look into my heart and see if I do."

For many minutes Kate stood at the window, looking vacantly into the gloaming. It was plainly to be seen that she was studying a woman's heart, and she did not see the figure that crossed the path not far from the sill.

It was the figure of a man handsomely dressed.

He was tall, prepossessing, and had mild blue eyes.

"A little wilful I have been," said Kate, at last, "but I will not be as pliant clay in the hands of any particular person. I know that grandmother dotes on Walter Gray and thinks he is the only man in the world, but she will get over such worship one of these days. If I love him I would have told her so. She thinks I did not hear her words as she retired. I will follow my own inclinations!"

She spoke the last sentence with strong determination and suddenly leaned forward till her lips almost touched the glass.

The figure crossing the path again had arrested her attention.

"I wonder if it can be Louis!" she said, in a whisper that reddened her cheeks; and a minute later, having thrown a shawl over her head, she left the house.

Under the moon she crossed the lawn and entered a delightful grove of young trees. The perfume of bursting buds laden the atmosphere, and the stars overhead seemed to twinkle with newly-found brightness.

On her arrival near a fountain that sparkled in the grove she beheld a man. He was tall, well-built, and his face was turned away. He was carving what might prove a name on one of the young trees, and Kate, without disturbing him, stopped forward.

"Louis," she said, softly, after watching him some time.

At sound of the name the man turned, and Kate started back with a light cry of surprise.

"Mr. Gray, I offer pardon," she said. "I—indeed, sir, I have mistaken you for another gentleman."

The young man, who had politely lifted his hat, smiled at Kate's confusion and came forward.

"Mistakes in the gloaming are likely to occur," he said. "Whither are you going?"

"Back to the house. Will you not walk down and see the folks?"

"No, thank you. I was going home, and as the grove was not far out of my usual route I thought I would take it in to-night."

"You are really going away, then?"

"I am going away," was his reply. "Father thinks it best for me, and I am becoming eager to start."

Kate did not reply, but cast her eye at the inscription on the tree, which read thus:

"Kate. Good-bye. May 30th, '74."

From the inscription her eyes wandered to him, and found him looking at her.

Look and counterlook passed between them for a moment.

"When do you go?" she asked, breaking the silence.

"To-morrow."

"And you are willing to leave?"  
 "What should bind me here?" he asked. "Kate Hallowell, why did you coin that question?"  
 The girl looked as if she could not tell him why.  
 "Your words suggested it," she said. "You were born here."

"Yes."  
 "You have grown to manhood here."  
 "True, Kate; and here I have loved one of the best of women."

Her face grew pale, and her faultless lips quivered with strange emotion.

She knew that he meant her.

"Why, you have rejected my love, you know," he said, looking at her from the tree. "If you can forget the past you must quaff a nepenthe that never touched my lips. I will never forget that I have loved you, Kate Hallowell, and I hope that the thought may never leave you."

He seemed almost severe—his words sounded like a malediction, and caused the dark eyes of the girl to flash for a moment. Then he held out his hand, her fingers dropped timidly into his palm, and the next minute they had parted.

He walked down the path and disappeared among the trees, she watching him longingly until not a sight of him was visible.

Then she read the inscription on the tree and murmured:

"Yes, good-bye, Walter Gray. Perhaps I should have loved you. But I am my own mistress, and my heart is in my own keeping. When we meet again, if we ever do, you may not call me Kate."

Thus Kate Hallowell lost a lover, and she turned towards the house with sober face and thoughtful tread.

"I know what they say about Louis," she said, in her communings with herself. "Father does not like him, and granny has gone so far as to say that he is not the man he claims to be, but that he is an impostor. I dare not tell them what I think when they talk thus, but the time will come when they dare not talk thus about him. I love when I love, and I will not love a man who is not a true gentleman. This I believe Louis to be; they do not like him because he is my choice, not theirs. I will not desert him."

"Thanks, Kate! In the golden days to come you shall not have cause to repent of those words."

The young girl started at the words, and was kissed by the man who suddenly stepped into the path in front of her.

"Louis, you frightened me," she said, looking up into his face and blushing. "I was not expecting you."

"I suppose not; but I am none the less welcome, I hope."

"No, no, Louis."

Arm in arm they went down the path, and talked a long while under the elm that shaded one of the many arbours on the premises.

Louis Warlock had never crossed the Hallowell threshold with the good wishes of its owner. He was the reputed son of a wealthy man, who would soon die and leave him a vast estate unentailed. His person was prepossessing, his manners winning, and his mind stored with the culture of the day. But there lurked in the depths of his dark eyes a something that took much from him.

Kate first encountered him at a social entertainment, and he had succeeded in making himself agreeable. His address won her to him, and his visits to her home soon told John Hallowell that he was a suitor for her hand. The father, who claimed to have read the passionate lover's countenance, talked gently yet plainly to the child. Her grandmother, a good old woman, seconded the father's counsels; but the infatuated girl laughed at them, and styled them "much ado about nothing."

She did not avow her love for Louis Warlock, nor did she wholly reject her grandmother's good words spoken for Walter Gray.

This lover was the other's superior in every respect. A man of stamina and true courage, he seemed destined to make a mark in the world. He had asked for Kate's hand after a friendship of years, and she had refused the boon.

For many moments—to return to the grove and its tenants—Louis Warlock kept the woman he had infatuated beneath the wide-spreading boughs of the elm.

When they parted the full-orbed moon was sinking towards the western horizon, and his kiss crimsoned her cheeks.

"I will not fail you," she said, when he had released her. "I pray you, Louis, do not fail me."

"Fear not, Kate. I have not loved you to make a promise full of happiness to you to break it. Mine are not Carthaginian vows. One week from this night I will meet you here at twelve. It will be dark and no one will see. Do not forget the hour, and live during the interval full of trust in your Louis. Good-night, darling."

She returned his adieu, re-entered the house noiselessly and stole to bed.

"I know he will not fail me," she said, in her boudoir. "After the ceremony has been performed papa will relent and take us in with his blessing."

She thought that her entrance into the house had escaped, but not so.

In a high-ceiled chamber on the first floor of the mansion a handsome old man walked to and fro excitedly. His quick ear had caught the sound of footsteps on the stairs, and he started towards the mantel and took a pistol.

"She has been with him!" he cried, with angry eyes. "Shall I seek him now and save this headstrong girl of mine? He cannot be far away. No, no!" he murmured, after a pause. "For Kate's sake I will spare him yet awhile."

Then he put the weapon aside and went to sleep.

He did not dream that Kate had that night promised to elope with Louis Warlock.

He might wait too long for his only daughter's sake.

## CHAPTER II.

WALTER GRAY had accepted a position which demanded his presence in Geneva.

On the day following his interview with Kate in the grove he went to Liverpool, where he had to transact some business previous to leaving England.

He left home with many regrets, yet eager to depart.

The love which he had offered Kate Hallowell was generous, manly, and true. He loved her for her own sake, and knew that she could make him happy.

Her rejection of that offer, while it wrung his heart, he did not fight against. He told her that she knew best, and to the inexorable fiat meekly bowed his head.

He was seated in the parlour of one of the hotels one calm June night. Another day and he would bid farewell to England. His adieu to home and its loved faces had been written, and now thoughts of the future swarmed in the chambers of the mind.

He saw two men enter the room and seat themselves near him.

They were middle-aged men, and looked like police officers, though not clad in uniform.

"Well, here we are," said one, with a smile, taking a cigar from his pocket. "There's a mighty labour before us. Johnson, you've heard of the lunatic who sought a lost bodkin in a haycock."

His companion laughed, but soon relaxed into sobriety.

"Yes, yes, Dawson; but we're going to find our bodkin. Lambert has not schooled me for naught. Come, let us see. Tall man, dark hair, eyes ditto, and deep set; crammed with book lore, well versed in experimental chemistry, and went by the name of Oliver Leppard, in Scone. This is the man we want, Dawson. He is our bodkin; England our haycock."

"You have omitted one item," said the second man, who had taken a memorandum book from his pocket. "He has a slight scar over his left eye."

"That is correct, Dawson."

To the face of Walter Gray, who had listened to these words, came a puzzled expression. While Johnson was speaking he almost started from his chair; he could not sit still.

At last he put forth his hand and touched Mr. Dawson's shoulder.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have unintentionally listened to your conversation. My position favoured me in this, and I seek your pardon. I take you to be detectives."

The twain exchanged glances, and looked at the young man as though they would read him through.

"What if we are?" said Johnson, sharply.

"I can tell you the whereabouts of the man with the scar over his eye."

Despite the detective's self-possession, the twain started.

"You can, you say?"

"I can."

"If you do, we'll give you five hundred pounds!" said Johnson.

"His name now is Louis Warlock, and he answers the description I have overheard. He claims to be the son of Squire Ravenswood."

"He is the man. What is your name?"

"Walter Gray."

"Mr. Gray, will you go with us to show us our man? It will be to your interest to do so."

After some further conversation Walter Gray promised to return with the officers, and the vessel sailed without him.

The trio found that Louis Warlock had vanished, and Johnson said to his brother detective:

"We have missed him, but to find him again—Miss Hallowell's pretty face will bring him back."

A good detective never guesses wrongly.

In her chamber, with eyes fixed upon the old clock, stood Kate Hallowell. Her face wore an anxious expression, and its colour was almost ghastly.

She was arrayed in a close-fitting travelling-dress, over which she had thrown a cloak, and a satchel well filled and loaded, was near her feet.

The hands of the clock were nearing twelve, and all at once she removed her eyes and picked up the satchel.

"Good-bye, old home!" she said, and the words were followed with a sigh. "I will not say farewell, for it is too mournful. I may come back again," and after a long pause she murmured: "I may not."

She glided from the room, closing the door very gently and went down the steps on tiptoe.

The night without was tolerably dark. Had it not been for the stars the gloom would have been Egyptian.

She walked towards the grove like a person accustomed to the path just discernible and soon stood beside the elm.

A moment's silence followed her halt, and then she whispered:

"Louis!"

There was a step and a hand fell upon her arm.

"I am here, darling!" said a voice, which she recognized as Louis Warlock's. "The carriage is below—at the gate."

"I was fearful, but all is over now!" answered Kate. "Come, let us go."

He took her arm and was turning, when a strong light flashed in his face.

With an exclamation of astonishment, he started back, and Kate uttered a wild cry of terror.

"We want you!" said a tall, strong man, who placed his arm on Warlock's shoulder. "I say we want you, Oliver Leppard!"

Kate's lover stared aghast at the detective and did not see the figure that stole from the background.

"What has he done?" she demanded, confronting the officers.

"He is a forger who is wanted," was the reply. "His name is Leppard. Why, miss, he is worth four thousand pounds to Johnson and Dawson, at your service."

Slowly she turned upon her lover, whose white face was revealed by the lantern.

"Is this true, Louis?"

His gaze fell, but his lips said:

"Forgive, it is true."

She looked at him reprovingly for an instant, then, with a cry, sank into unconsciousness.

It was in her boudoir, watched by her grandmother, that the misled girl opened her eyes.

For a long time she said nothing, and her first question was:

"He is gone?"

The old lady nodded, and smoothed the fevered brow.

The dream had been broken, the elopement frustrated, the criminal arrested.

The next morning, Kate, returning from a walk, threw herself before her grandmother, and cried, with clasped hands:

"I shall ever thank those men who rescued me. After all, he was not worthy of the love I gave him, and for my sin of loving I repent."

Then a face, framed in spotless frills, bent over Kate, and she was kissed.

The days passed away. The person who glided from the scene of the arrest in the grove was Walter Gray.

He could not witness the agony of the woman he had saved.

He returned silently to Liverpool and sailed for Geneva.

There he discharged the duties that devolved upon him, and returned.

Kate encountered him with a flush, and when he took her hand she said:

"I suppose I ought to thank you, Walter!"

She knew all.

At last the romance of Kate's elopement ended in a wedding, for when Walter Gray again asked for her hand it was not refused; and a thousand times she has thanked him for guiding the detectives to the man they sought.

T. C. H.

**HARDENING OF GLASS AND CHINA.**—Among recent French patents appear the following:—Henisen-Huch

—A method of hardening glass by heating in a muffle to a temperature of about 400 deg. C., and afterwards plunging in a bath of soot or melted butter. Boist and Leger—A process by which liquefied metals or alloys having fusing points below that of

glass, as copper, lead, antimony, etc., are used for the same purpose. An addition to the patent provides for the employment of current of gas or of heated or super-heated vapours of suitable temperature for the like object. This patent has a process of "tempering" ceramic wares of all sorts, with a view to increasing their powers of resisting fracture

## TWICE IN LOVE.

ANTOINETTE PIERCE stood on the rough seashore and let the east wind blow back her hair from its fastenings and crimson her cheek with its salt breath—stood among the ashes of her affection—upon the grave of her buried love, and said to herself that her heart was dead, her life was lived out. Henceforth and for ever let the world go on, she should have no part or parcel in it. She should not be any more a corpse when the valley clouds should press down her coffin lid and the grass should have grown green on her grave than she was now.

Thus many of us have reached periods in our lives when we have thought just so, when we smiled bitterly at the bare possibility of a second love springing from the gray ashes of a first—when we were willing to die, not because we hoped for something better and brighter beyond, but from sheer despair and hatred of existence—when we saw in the hand of a merciful Creator only the revengeful instrument of a cruel sovereign.

Three days before this gloomy autumnal evening Antoinette had stood in a grand old cathedral and seen Harold Lennard married to Melicent Ross.

She had not lost a single detail of the ceremony or failed to notice every tasteful arrangement of the toilet of the beautiful bride. The sheen of the glossy white silk, with its delicate point-lace flourishes, the flimsy cloud of the veil which could not wholly conceal the bright gold of the rippling hair beneath, the graceful bend of the swan-like neck as Melicent bowed before the clergyman and breathed the words which made her Harold Lennard's for life, the glitter of the diamond engagement ring on the white forefinger, the self-same ring she had once worn so proudly and kissed so tenderly over and over again because she loved so well the giver. She noticed the lovely tinge of pink on the bride's cheek, thought how soon his kisses would change it to crimson, and then going back to herself, wondered how long it would take for one to die of a broken heart.

People who had known of Antoinette's engagement to Mr. Lennard said, after looking at the cold, indifferent face she wore at his wedding, what a feelingless piece of beautiful statuary Miss Pierce was—they wondered if she had any capability for suffering or enjoying. How often the world says that or something like it of people who feel more in one moment than those same wise critics feel in all their lives. For the deeper and stronger the feelings the more jealously are they kept from giving any outward sign. Be sure of that.

Antoinette had loved Harold Lennard with all the pure, strong force of her nature. She had not frittered away her heart in scores of flirtations as many women do; she had reached the age of twenty-five, and never loved—so that was her first love.

Her beauty and grace fascinated Mr. Lennard, and there was to him something delightfully flattering in the single-hearted devotion she gave to him. He knew that she had been greatly admired in society, that her love had been often sought, and he felt a certain pride in having won where others had failed. He thought he loved her, but he confessed to himself that he did not understand her. It was not her fault that he did not, I suppose. He could not help his shallow nature.

The sluggish brook, gathering its stagnant water from miry swamps and malarious quagmires, cannot be blamed because it is not a strong, sparkling, enterprising river, giving joy wherever it flows; and I do not know as a dawdling, unstable, shallow-hearted man is to blame that he was not born with a spirit worth possessing.

Why Antoinette had ever loved him only the fates can tell. It was one of these incongruous occurrences which predispose one to think that the world is governed by chance. The noblest and best women generally love the most unworthy men, and who can account for it? I am not a philosopher, so I leave the subject. It is too deep altogether for my capacity.

I might make a volume out of Antoinette Pierce's history, but I am going to condense it into the briefest possible space. Therefore I give you the story of her connection with Lennard in a few words.

They had met at a watering-place, fallen in love, and had been three months engaged when Melicent Ross came on a visit to Rosedale.

Miss Ross's mother was a cousin of Mr. Lennard's stepmother, and the young girl was domesticated at his home.

He saw her constantly, and his fickle nature was attracted by her girlish loveliness. For she was lovely—in altogether a different way from Antoinette. Melicent was fair and blonde, with soft blue eyes and fine hair like spun gold. Antoinette was dark and tropical, her eyes were deep fountains of darkness and feeling, and her hair, save when it caught the sunshine, dusky as night.

He could understand Melicent. She never had any moods when he was afraid of her, she never looked at him with eyes whose depths he could not fathom, she never thrilled with feelings and emotions with which he could have no sympathy, because incapable of understanding anything which was not material.

A month of her society led him away captive. His engagement to Antoinette galled him like a chain, but he was ashamed to ask to be released.

Chance revealed to Miss Pierce what her betrothed had not manhood enough to confess to her. There was a little picnic in the grove at the back of Rosedaleville, and, straying away from the others, Antoinette came suddenly upon Melicent Ross and Mr. Lennard. His arm was around her waist, he was kissing the scarlet lips lifted to meet the caress. Antoinette caught the low whispered words "My darling, my little darling."

Then, stricken to the heart, staggering like one who had received a death blow, she tottered away. Into the deep shadows of the forest she wandered, and lay down with her hot face in the cool green softness of the mossy turf. There she fought her battle and conquered herself.

Not for worlds would she have accepted Lennard's love now, if he had turned to her and besought her on bending knees. It was enough for her to know that he had swerved from his allegiance.

She sent him a cold little note, very brief, and to the point. She knew of his unfaithfulness; she gave him his liberty and bade him farewell.

Six weeks afterward he was married to Melicent Ross.

Miss Pierce lived on her aimless life for two years, travelling hither and thither, and finding nothing satisfying anywhere. She was not wealthy, but she had an income which kept her handsomely, and there was no necessity for her to work. Still she craved labour, and, greatly to the disgust of the fashionable world in which she moved, she decided to accept a place as teacher in a seminary.

She had been two months domesticated as a boarder in the family of Mr. Trevlyn, when Clyde, his only son, returned from a continental tour.

At the first interview these two people understood each other thoroughly. They talked of the last new book, admired the rich landscape glowing beneath a summer sun, and acknowledged the kinship of their souls.

Day after day she met him, and life grew strangely sweet and dear to them both. She dreamed of him by night, and woke in the morning thrilling with a subtle delight which the thought of none other had ever brought to her.

Still she closed her eyes resolutely to the truth, and said to conscience, which was disposed to accuse her of fickleness, that she only found in Mr. Trevlyn a pleasant companion of the passing hour.

But she felt the hot blood leap to her face at his coming, she thrilled at the sound of his voice or the touch of his hand, she felt in every nerve the exquisite magnetism of his presence.

She saw his dark eyes kindle when she approached, she noted the softened inflection of his voice, and saw that his hand trembled and his colour came and went like a woman's when she was near him.

But still she said he was nothing to her, and she believed it, until like a thunderbolt, a single remark of Mrs. Trevlyn fell on her ear.

"I suppose Clyde and Alicia Hastings will be married in the autumn," said the gentle old lady, stopping to count the stitches in the soft crimson stocking she was knitting for a little niece. "They have been engaged ever since they were children, and Mrs. Hastings died last week, so Alicia is without a protector."

Antoinette made some reply, she never knew what, and escaped to her chamber. Then she knew the whole truth. There must be no more idle subterfuge, no more compromise with the heart. Better, ay, stronger tenfold, than she had ever loved Harold Lennard, she loved this man, Trevlyn, and he was on the eve of marriage with another.

Her school had closed its first term that day, and she had thought to take charge of it the next term, but now it would be impossible.

She packed her trunk, wrote a note to the trustees, bade the wondering Mrs. Trevlyn good-bye, and was far away when Clyde Trevlyn returned from London, whither he had gone.

Antoinette found a quiet place near the sea which suited her, and there in Scarborough she bought a house and settled for life.

There was nothing for her to do but to accept her destiny.

A year after her departure from the Trevlyn man-

sion she saw a notice in a newspaper of Clyde's marriage with Alicia Hastings.

Later she met a lady she had known while teaching in the seminary, and learned among quantities of other gossip that Alicia was self-willed and fault-finding—that she did not love her husband, and that Clyde Trevlyn was as unhappy as possible in his domestic relations, though he bore it bravely and gave no sign.

Another year went by, and one dark stormy night the wind drove a wreck ashore, a little way below Miss Pierce's house.

They brought some of the sufferers to her cottage.

Among them was one the sight of whom made Antoinette's heart stand still, and her strength go away from her in a sudden ebb of dread apprehension.

Recovering herself, she did for Clyde Trevlyn what she could. His arm was broken—she held his head while the surgeon set the bone—she fanned him and bathed his forehead, and administered to him a soothing draught of medicine, just as she did for the scarred old veteran in the next room, who smelt of tar, and swore roundly at her for meddling with him.

Trevlyn was, perforce, Miss Pierce's guest for some time, but each avoided always the other's eyes, and maintained only the cool politeness of two people who were next to strangers. Both instinctively kept away from the dangerous ground of anything like friendship.

Once, when Trevlyn slept, Antoinette yielded for an instant to the passionate love which seemed eating out her life. She knelt beside him and kissed his forehead.

"Oh, Clyde! Clyde!" she cried, in her bitter despair. "Heaven pity me!"

He opened his eyes, and in one swift glance read her soul as she read his. After that there could be no secrecy between them.

He put out his arm and drew her passionately to his breast. All his love and despair gushed forth in the one stifled word:

"Antoinette!"

His lips were on hers—she felt the strong beating of his heart—felt through all her being the man's strong shudder of anguish as she tore herself away, and hurrying from the room she shut herself in her chamber, and never went into his presence again while he remained in her house.

Mrs. Daabury, her housekeeper, cared for him, and Clyde, understanding it all, knowing it was best so, asked no questions.

A telegram came to him the very day he was to set forth for home, brief and alarming as telegrams usually are:

"You wife is ill. Come home."

He went away, and Antoinette neither saw nor heard from him for a year. At the end of that time he came to her.

It was summer, and it was evening—a dusky summer evening, the air sweet with smells of briar-rose and musical with songs of nightingales.

He found her down on the shore watching the tide come in.

Without a word he folded her in his arms—kissed her cheeks and lips and dew-wet hair, and she never questioned his right.

By-and-by he told her. Alicia had been dead a year, and now he wanted his happiness.

What more is there to write?

Nothing.

To some blessed lives there comes consummation of desire even in this world, from some hearts reward is not withheld. Heaven help all who have to stand without and look through barred gateways at the light and warmth and glory which shine for others, but never for them.

H. S.

## A LITTLE ADVICE TO ENGAGED PERSONS.

To love and to quarrel: these two seem always to go together. Love being a kind of intoxication of the whole being, it is hardly to be expected that those entranced by its spell shall behave altogether reasonably. It would be idle to make any such demand of them. Yet we may point out some fatal pitfalls which even in their partially irrational condition they may be admonished to avoid.

Every girl who is engaged, or in love, is sure at some time, in some way, from somebody, to hear something or other against the man with whom she is in love. One in sober sense would suppose that, under the circumstances, she would be very cautious about giving credence to any unfavourable report. But this is not generally the case. The most inveterate, unscrupulous, mischief-making gossip is too often listened to with a quick and credulous ear, when engaged in creating distrust and discord between lovers.

For instance, a young lady writes us that she met a young gentleman at a party last winter. It was a case of love at first sight. He called two or

three times a week for three months, became engaged to her, and gave her a handsome engagement ring! Soon after this he left the city. He wrote to her often, and his letters were very affectionate. Through some busy-body friends—"several persons," as she expresses it—however, she has heard that he has been paying serious attentions to another young lady, and saying that he had only been amusing himself with her.

Without having taken the first step, so far as she informs us, towards investigating these reports, she goes on to complain that it has been a bitter "amusement," so far as she is concerned, and she requests us to advise her whether to send his letters and ring back, "or ask an explanation first?"

It hardly seems possible that a sane woman could ask such a question; yet scores and hundreds of like questions are asked of us by young ladies under similar circumstances. Suppose she should indignantly return his ring—not his ring any longer, for he has solemnly given it to her—and the letters he has written her, and ten or twenty years hence, when youth and much of life are gone, she should find that it was all a mistake; that he had loved her devotedly and been as true as steel, but that his pride had prevented his giving an explanation which her hauteur and rashness had prevented her from asking! Such things have happened, are happening all the time, and will continue to happen if lovers will not learn a little—we do not expect them to practice much—of common sense.

The same remarks which we have made of girls in love and engaged, apply—perhaps not so generally or emphatically—to young men engaged or in love.

There are two rules which may be safely observed by all lovers and engaged persons—and by the married too:

First: Believe nothing against each other unless you know certainly it is true.

Second: If you ascertain positively that it is true, then freely and generously forgive it, if it is a thing to be forgiven, and not a proof of wilful, downright depravity.

#### A NEW USE FOR CRIMINALS.

Even vermin have their uses, say the pessimists. It is a cheering theory, and one which we should rejoice to see demonstrated, especially with reference to those vermin of society, the criminal classes.

Thus far they certainly have been the reverse of useful. Not only have they been a serious detriment, always, to national prosperity through their depredations upon life and property and public peace, but also by their vicious example, and, more effectually still, by the transmission of their vicious traits to after generations.

Our present mode of dealing with them labours under the double disadvantage of being very inefficient and very costly. Every year sees the machinery of justice become more magnificent and burdensome, yet it none the less fails either to cure or to materially lessen the evil. Indeed the law has often more terrors for the good citizen than for the bad; he has a large bill of costs to pay at any rate; whereas the rascal who plunders him has everything to win and very little to lose. If he escapes, which is most likely, he gets the booty; if caught, he simply loses for the moment what is no use to anyone—his liberty.

Is it not time for the well disposed, the innocent, and the law-abiding to turn the tables and recoup themselves, if possible, for their numerous losses? The ways in which this can be done are as numerous and varied as the varieties of criminal constitution and character.

Just now the authorities of Massachusetts are puzzled to decide what to do with the murderous Pomeroy boy. Hang him! said the court; and the multitude re-echoes the cry. That is an easy way to get rid of him; but will it pay? What good will it do to kill him? His death will not atone for the damage he has done, nor will it deter another of like mental and moral perversity from the commission of similar crimes. Then why throw away all the possibilities of use and instruction which his peculiar character offers?

In a case of this sort, vindictiveness is folly. The boy is what he is through conditions of heredity and culture which ought to be investigated. He represents a stage of human development or atavism which ought to be understood. What was the antecedent stage and what will the next one be? His character is likely to change with increasing years; what is the direction of the change education and moral training are supposed to have as determining influences upon character: what can they do for him? The boy is a very bundle of scientific problems; why not keep him for investigation? For the solution of many of the problems of culture and civilization, he is worth a dozen ordinary children. He ought not to be thrown away. Investigate him, and all others like him, for the good of the race.

Apply the same principle in a different way to a very different character, say the once famous, now infamous, Colonel Valentine Baker, late of the British army: a man of years and high standing, whose irrepressible impulses led him to make criminal assault upon an unprotected fellow traveller. He has lost his place in the army and in society; he has been fined and nominally imprisoned; but his impulses remain unaltered, and his example—punishment and all—seems to provoke others to similar deeds rather than to deter them; for his unusual offence has been since been repeated by several. And when he returns to the world, his term of idle imprisonment ended, he will be simply what he was at first, lacking the restraining influence of his rank and possibilities of usefulness.

In a rude state of society the usefulness of a public offender is necessarily measured by his power to do rude work, in the quarry, the mine, or the like. We have arrived at a stage when a portion of our superabundance of such characters can easily be put to more profitable uses; though we should by no means personally object to the employment of the more able-bodied criminals in that way.

Among the most important problems of civilization are those relating to health and disease. Of very few human maladies can it be said that we know their causes, their natural history, their effects upon the physical and mental organism, or a satisfactory mode of treating them. As little do we know how to prevent or avoid them. Yet of what vital importance is such knowledge to the well being of society?

The limited positive knowledge which science has acquired of the ills which flesh is heir to has been gained through observation complicated by a thousand unknown conditions, through experiments upon unoffending animals, and by dissection of dead. During the middle ages the last-mentioned source of knowledge was barred. Every scholar knows what sudden and immense advances men made in anatomy and physiology, and in the healing arts which rest on them, when students began to draw their knowledge of man's physical frame directly from human subjects, and not indirectly and incorrectly from the study of animals. A similar advance might be expected in preventive and curative medicine could the action of disease be directly studied in human subjects over which the observer should have absolute control.

Our suggestion would therefore be that such a portion of the criminals convicted from day to day as might be found available should be turned over to boards of surgeons and physicians, duly appointed, under whom they might be used for the investigation of sanitary problems for the good of humanity.

For example, men convicted of capital crimes, instead of being uselessly hanged, might be employed in the study of diseases usually fatal, or of other diseases whose effects in their various stages would need to be studied anatomically. Especially atrocious murderers might be reserved for cases involving vivisection. Criminals of lower grades could be utilized in the study of diseases of minor severity, according to their physical adaptation and the nature of their crime. Having their subjects under absolute control from the inception of a disease to its termination, the investigator could not fail in time to arrive at a certain knowledge both as to its prevention and mitigation, if not its cure. Medicine is full of problems whose solution might be greatly hastened by such means.

The same may be said of other departments of social sciences. How, for example, is the criminal diathesis curable, and under what conditions? What is the comparative influence of the different sorts of mental and moral training? How can the taint of hereditary crime be averted? How are the various grades of criminality affected by surgical operations, especially those calculated to make the perpetration of hereditary crime impossible? And how far may the subjects of such treatment be safely allowed at large?

But the field of investigation is limitless. The possible advantages of its systematic prosecution are correspondingly great. The right of society to defend itself against its internal enemies, even to the taking of life, is unquestioned. To attempt it by means of punishment has proved unavailing and costly. It is time that a different plan be tried. Suppose we sink the idea of retribution—if need be, of reformation also—and seek to make all human vermin first harmless, then useful, either by their productive labour or by their subjective contributions to human knowledge for the protection of health and the saving of life.

As for its deterrent effect, such a passionless, unvindictive, business-like treatment of all violators of the common weal certainly could not be less efficient than the jumble of uncertainty, vengeance, softness, retribution, sentimentality, and uselessness, which constitutes our present judicial and correctional systems.

We are disposed to think that the possibility of being made a subject for the study of small-pox, cholera, typhoid fever, or even a bout at measles or the mumps would restrain a pickpocket or a burglar quite as efficiently as the chance of a few weeks' or a few months' imprisonment. At least the knowledge gained by means of him and others like him would go far to recompense society for all it might suffer from his depredations.

## THE USURER'S DAUGHTER.

### CHAPTER IX.

HUMBLE, gentle in his extreme grief for the sorrow he Ingersoll had brought to her, now denied himself the poor satisfaction of detaining her longer. And, silently drawing the folds of her veil before her face, she was leaving the office, without trusting herself to look upon the man she had refused, to save the credit of a father whom she had never loved or revered, from a mistaken sense of duty, discarding, while loving him better than her own soul. And now they were parting again, perhaps for ever. With the forced calmness of despair, she drew the face folds, vibrating with the throbs of the poor heart beneath, and, only trusting herself to reply to his iterated assurance that he would never raise his hand against Laurence's life, said:

"I see you are right—you will have to meet him, but, oh, Alfred, spare his life, for my sake!"

She was gone.

At that moment the city clock struck six, when he returned to his rooms above to wait the return of Laurence's friend.

While waiting for him he sat down to the occupation in which he had been interrupted by her summons—making his will—drawing and consolation from the thought that if he fell Constance should at least be provided for. An indefinite dread of pending evil caused him to find a sweet solace in the thought that thus in his latest hours he might still be her friend, her protector—the only balm that the crowded events of the yet unfinished tragedy admitted.

Having made ample provision for her in his will, wherein he mentioned her in terms of the utmost respect, setting especially forth the high regard ever felt for her exalted purity of character, he next wrote a farewell letter to herself.

Taking up pen and paper, as he supposed for the last time, he poured forth in touching, simple eloquence the long pent-up, unchanging love of his generous, manly heart—a love stronger than wreck or absence, outliving the loss of its object; an exalted, chivalrous devotion exceeding the power of words to convey. With his usual forgetfulness of self, he used every encouragement for her to bear up and feel reconciled to hear of his death, assuring her that it was best, as he had long been life-weary.

And tears fell, blotting the paper—blessed, subduing tears, opening, as it were, the long-frozen spring of grace. The pride of his reasoning intellect, all his calm philosophy gave way, softened, humbled, his self-reliance gone, he felt that there was an overruling Providence directing the whole. His latest prayer before setting out was that the Almighty might compensate her, so truly, fatally loved, for all the misery he had unintentionally brought.

For Constance, the first agonising fears with which she had realized the certainty that her husband and Alfred Ingersoll must meet, having yielded to the assurance of the latter that he would not raise his pistol against Laurence's life, she had hastened home and, stealing softly up to her room, found her beautiful boy asleep, and throwing off her things, sure she had not been missed, stretched herself by his side—her surcharged heart calmed by abundant weeping—that weariness of frame in which the unhappy find sometimes a temporary relief from mental agony produced a torpor, a hopeless prostration that soon merged in sleep.

Meantime Mr. Rogers returned to his principal, who, on hearing that Ingersoll refused to fight on a groundless cause of quarrel but would meet him on any reasonable one, merely observed:

"Arrange it all as you please for me, my dear fellow. I never was out before as second or principal, save in that little affair about that little French woman, and know nothing of the etiquette of these meetings. So if it pleases him best to be shot for the epithet he used, let it be so.

"In my lowering indignation I had never given that a thought, yet now feel glad that you suggest it," replied the splendid dissiminator.

And Rogers left, glad to find him so reasonable.

Mr. Rogers called on Dr. Ingersoll's second when preliminaries were arranged, and at eight o'clock, accompanying his principal, they arrived at the spot selected. Before them stretched magnificent woods, the trees casting their shadows on the yet dewy

grass, while above still hung that misty veil which gives promise of a cloudless day.

And now the double-dyed spirit of evil who had raised the storm paced the ground impatiently, waiting the coming of the man in whose veins ran the same life current that filled his own, while Rogers, with folded arms, leaned over the gate of the field, looking out upon the road with a manner betokening great concern.

"They are coming," he said, at last.

Those whom they awaited were coming up the road.

On hearing the words the bloodthirsty mood of Lawrence vanished in a moment. The words were few, but oh, how much did they convey? "They are coming!" The man who was his earliest, best friend was coming to his doom. The colour fled from his face, rushing to his heart, he trembled violently.

How should he face the man he had so foully wronged? How confront him? All rushed to his mind with harrowing distinctness, but it was momentary. The abject shame and remorse that would have made him at that moment crouch at Ingersoll's feet and abjectly beg his pardon as quickly vanished, and he awaited his approach with a dark and lowering brow.

Not so with Ingersoll. His eye was calm and firm, his cheek pale, save when a sudden flush passed over it, as he first looked upon the treacherous ingrate, the living incarnation of evil, who seemed bent on working his destruction. But the sudden hectic as speedily subsided. Courteously exchanging salutes with Mr. Rogers, he remained calmly impassive, evincing no external sign of emotion, while the seconds were arranging preliminaries. Standing thus his second touched his arm and, presenting the pistol, told him to turn and face his antagonist.

At this moment rushed across his memory his promise to Constance. His frame shook, his breast heaved, his breath came fast and thick.

"When I drop my handkerchief, fire," said his second.

But Ingersoll heard without heeding or comprehending. His eyes swimming, his hand unsteady, his frame agitated by the sudden memory that he had pledged his word to her not to fire, he turned mechanically, raised the pistol, and as the handkerchief fell his hand grasped the pistol convulsively.

Suddenly spasmodically contracting, the pistol, a half-trigger, exploded. A cry of horror broke from his lips as, staggering forward, Lawrence fell on the ground at his feet.

All the softness of his nature melted in his breast. Ingersoll flung himself on the earth beside his cousin, raising his hand pressed it to his brow and breast, calling piteously on him to answer but the blood welling fast from a ghastly wound in the temple gave fearful indication that he who had so willingly plotted another's ruin, inflicting him maliciously to mortal combat, had gone to his own fearful account.

Only once did Ingersoll intrude into the house of mourning. By the coffin, resting on trestles in a dimly lighted room, Constance sat almost as pale as the dead before her, her head leaning against the back of the chair, her arms clasping her little cherished darling to her aching heart. Pale as marble, the heavy masses of luxuriant hair no longer waving in silken volutes around her brow and cheek of beauty, but damp, tangled, neglected, her eyes were fixed immovably on her sleeping boy, as she sat there keeping her lonely vigil by her husband's corpse.

Ingersoll did not dare to enter the room; he stood outside, as though to soothe his very soul with the wreck he had wrought. Presently one of the candles, long flickering, went out, and the increased darkness seemed to be perceived by the lone mourner, she raised her eyes towards the hall lamp, and they fell on him as he stood there covering like a guilty thing, there, outside the door. For a moment she shrouded her eyes as if to shut out some illusion, then, seeing the tears down his pale face, and hands clasped lightly across his forehead, she said with deep emotion:

"You may come in; look on your cousin where he lies; this was your doing, Alfred."

"Yes, my doing, Constance, but not my seeking. Heaven so judge me, Constance, I would willingly give my own life to restore his."

She made no reply, but bowed her head lower upon the bright baby-brow of her child.

"Oh, Constance! have some pity for me! Do not heap injury on misery like mine by your disbelief."

She stared at him in a benumbed gaze of inquiry, then said:

"Mr. Rogers assured me the explosion was accidental, and I believe you, Alfred, but your uncle

never will. Now I earnestly pray of you, Alfred, as the only favour you can now render, that you never again cross this door. But when I feel death upon me—and something tells me I will never live long—I will send for you, Alfred, and then come to me. I would crave protection at your hands for my little pet, when he will be an orphan."

#### CHAPTER X.

Two years had passed. From the time of her husband's death his uncle had held no manner of correspondence with Constance; still, he sent her semi-annually, on her child's account, a sum very inadequate even to her small expenses.

Vainly did the accomplished vocalist and musician, she on whose warblings crowds had hung delighted, in the most brilliant courts of Europe, seek employment as teacher of music. Families did not like to employ one whose fair fame has been tarnished by her brutalized husband's insane charge—his insensate challenge and fatal deed. Wherever she applied all seemed to remember the deed and dead. And the pure-minded, exemplary wife and devoted mother was compelled, as a last resort, to keep poverty from her humble door, to beg for saving.

Removed to a small and cheap tenement, the light might have been seen in her curtained window late at night, while she bent her sweet face down over ill-paid stitchery, during the weary midnight hours, her only happiness the loving smile that ever lit the angel face of her beautiful boy, whose sweet prattle and light, silvery laugh, with that sunny smile of love and innocent childish glee, repaid her every care; the music tones of his sweet voice the music of her else lone existence.

Often might the youthful beautiful mother, clad in plainest deepest saffles, be seen with her lovely boy by the hand, passing by the least, frequented streets, taking home the bundle of work on whose meagre payment she counted to buy the many articles needed in the scanty housekeeping—to purchase too the tiny whistle or apple promised her little darling out of its proceeds.

Want in its direst shape to herself cost not half the pang that wrung her loving heart when passing by fruit stalls his sweet rosy lips pleaded not more than his wistful looks, that mamma would buy him an orange when she was paid. Sometimes a primer on a bookstall would divide his affections with a spinning-top for an entire week, intently watching the needle that flew, plied by nimble fingers, in the bleat trout of children that so many hours of patient labour would surely procure him one of the coveted treasures.

Then let none happier circumstanced venture to deride the fear that would gather in that so fond mother's eye, as nearing her humble retreat, the sweet face of the lovely boy would meet her eye pressed to the window pane watching for mamma and his top (childhood's holy trust!)

Then the joyous bounding forward to meet her, his long bright curls waving back from his radiant brow, the dimpled hands outstretched for the promised plaything that her scanty pay forbade her to bring to glad the little heart throbbing so joyously after his long week's waiting to obtain. Then when the big fear would roll in silence down the sweet rosy cheek, and the little heart heave in its young disappointment, as the manly little fellow would sit down folding his hands in silence, then did Constance feel the worst sting of poverty.

Then, when her humble garments were laid aside, would she call him ere breaking the bread by toiling stitching gained, and when rising from his little stool he stood silent, with his sweet, resigned smile, at her knee, she would fervently ask a blessing on the dry crust divided with her gentle-hearted, affectionate boy, pushing back the wealth of clustering curls from his lovely face, press sweet and lovely kisses on the rosy mouth, when the manly little fellow, dashing the tear from his bright eye, would betake him to his old, well-thumbed primer, spelling the adventures of Cuck Robin, till his disappointment about the top was forgotten.

An hour later he would be again standing by her side radiant with delighted anticipation.

"Mamma, I know King Popin and Cuck Robin all by heart; won't you get me Jack the Giant Killer next time?"

"Next time" meant the next bundle of shirts taken in, and, gazing in his sweet, intelligent face, the mother's needle flew the faster.

Let those whose hearts have known one sweet idolatry judge what it cost that gentle, loving mother to refuse those little things so earnestly pleaded for, so trustfully awaited, by her lone heart's darling, her best and only one. Knowing that her earnings barely supplied the most meagre food, barely supplied their clothes, her husband's wealthy uncle grudgingly paid her rent, and bitter indeed must be the struggle with poverty when in submission and humility

thanks are returned for a benefit so ungraciously conferred.

Still her boy was with her, her beautiful, intelligent boy, and so long as he was spared so long as her nimble fingers could, by unwearied plying the needle, shield his young, cherished head from sorrow, she bore her own in silent unrepining, in fearful submission to the stern decree.

One day she took him with her when taking home a parcel of work; his sweet childish prattle relieved her sad heart, and with a feeling of gratitude that she might afford Florian the so long promised treat, she stopped with him at a street stall. After paying for the orange, she remembered about his shoes left for mending. Telling him to wait where he was till her return, she hastened to the shoe maker's. Presently an omnibus passed, followed by a cry that reached the mother's heart, "A child killed!"

Frantic she sped along through the gathering crowd, and reached the spot in time to see the mangled remains of her heart's darling raised up from beneath the wheels.

With the fearlessness of childhood's happy trust Florian had remained where his mother bade him to wait her return, till seeing the rapid approach of the omnibus and its apparent proximity to the kerb, he timidly and hastily retreated from the side of the woman who kept the stall, but in consequence of stepping upon a piece of orange peel his foot slipped and he fell in the road, the heavy vehicle passing over him before it could be retarded.

The poor heart-broken one was spared for a brief season the full knowledge of her misery.

From the moment when she caught up his mangled remains, and strained them to her wildly throbbing breast, calling on him to wake—to but speak—to not die, and leave her alone—calling him her little pet, her Florian, her own, only one, saying to those near, "Surely he is not dead—oh, do not tell me that my little darling is taken from me!"—from the moment that she read on the fearful faces gathered around that her bright, intelligent, rosy boy would never return her caress, or reply to her voice again, she raised her hands wildly, clasping her forehead, and, bereft of reason, fell lifeless on her child.

When life was restored consciousness did not return, and as no clue could be obtained whereby to discover her home, she was removed to the hospital, saved from knowing that the golden curls of her beautiful Florian were laid in a rude coffin.

Drawn irresistibly by the angelic beauty of her features, and the sweet, patient smile with which, ever holding her lost one's little straw hat, which a pitying bystander had saved and brought after to her, she would meekly say in reply to all question, "He will come to-morrow"; drawn by the touching patience with which she would sit in silence by the window to wait the promised coming of her lost darling, Mrs. Kelly, the matron, took the most affectionate care of her poor doleful charge.

Each morning would Constance rise early, and hastening through her scanty toilet, take her place at the window, to look through the blinds, the long, long day, for his coming whose bright head lay low in his nameless grave. And when night came, and her eyes could no longer see through the darkness and fast-falling tears, she would sigh heavily and turn away, saying:

"He will come to-morrow."

And the next morning, starting from her sleepless bed, hurry, with eager, trembling fingers, through her speedy dressing, and again, with the same patient smile, take her accustomed place, with the little straw hat in her pale, thin hands, sitting down to watch, saying, sweetly, hopefully, to the matron:

"He will come to-day."

But her cheek grew more sunken, her eyes more haggard, her brow more pale and her sweet smile more sad each morning, and it was noticed her tears fell faster each night when she turned from her hopeless watching, and though she still sweetly, meekly said, "He will come to-morrow," still her sigh was more and more that of a crushed and breaking heart.

One night, it was raining hard, and, wasted to a shadow, she was scarcely able to walk from the window to her bed.

The matron who usually came at that hour to see her noted an unusual paleness, and that though still carefully placing the little straw hat by her pillow she no longer repeated the long, unwearied, patient promise:

"He will come to-morrow."

A calm, steady light, as of returned reason, beamed in her dark hazel eyes, and her movements though feeble, were peculiarly graceful as, removing the threadbare black gown, she sat down on the low bed and began brushing back her still beautiful hair. It had been cut when she was first taken to the hospital but had grown again in increased luxuriance,



[THE DUEL.]

falling in rich, dark volumes over her pale cheeks, giving to her sweet, angelic face an appearance of youthful, girlish loveliness.

Her close-fitting gown removed, she put on a loose, shroud-like nightgown and, kneeling down by her bedside, prayed long and fervently to rejoin her loved and lost.

Mrs. Kelly stood near, tears were streaming fast down her cheeks as she there noted the first dawning of returning reason.

Stretching herself languidly on the humble couch, as though her attenuated frame, worn with long watching, needed rest, she drew the little straw hat, from which she never had parted, a cherished memento, to her breast, when, for the first time noticing the matron standing near, she stretched out her wasted hand.

"Dear Mrs. Kelly, how good you are! come near. I feel very weak, and it fatigues me to speak," then, passing her hands in her transparent fingers, added, "You were very kind in so long promising me that Florian would come back to me, but it rained so hard to-night, when I sat by the window waiting for him, that for the first time I feared he would not come to-morrow; but though he cannot return to me, I thought I might go to him."

Seeing the tears slowly trickling down the matron's cheek, she pressed her hand gently, saying, with much sweetness:

"Do not be disturbed for me, Mrs. Kelly. I will now soon be with my darling boy—and, oh! I will be glad to go!"

Her beautiful face was lit with a radiance almost divine as, still holding the matron's hand, she several times repeated:

"Can this be death? I feel no pain, nothing but happiness, a happiness such as I never knew before, for I am going to my mother, and little darling Florian, now."

Then, looking earnestly in the matron's face,

"I would ask a favour, dear, kind Mrs. Kelly, if you would not think me troublesome?"

"What is it, dear child? I shall do anything I can for you, only name it."

"I would like to see my husband's relative, Doctor Ingersoll. Only that it rains so hard, I would beg you to send for him, before my spirit parts from its frail tenement."

In an hour from that time Dr. Ingersoll stood by the deathbed of Constance. Saying to the matron, "I will remain by her to the last," that kind-hearted woman left the room, and then, kneeling down by the pillow of her loved, so worshipped, he sobbed aloud, as though his trial was too great to bear.

Raising her white, emaciated hand to push back the dark hair, already streaked with gray, from his brow, and gazing fondly in his face, she said, with earnest sweetness:

"Do not grieve for me, Alfred. I am exchanging a most weary life for one where the loved are never parted. Nearing the source of eternal truth, I dare no longer retain the cold, unloving manner I but assumed toward you. Hear me now, on the brink of eternal life, when I may tell it to you without guilt, when I may think upon and love you without sin; here, at the portal of the eternal gate, let me own to you, beloved, how dear, how inexpressibly dear, you have ever been! Yes, dear Alfred, I loved you with all the truth of my fervent nature, when compelled by my father's solicitations to save his credit to marry Laurent, who never loved me. And when years passed and we met again, and you so loved my little pet, oh, then, again, Alfred, though so reserved and calm in my demeanour when you were present, I felt for you a love that not all my prayers, not all the penitential tears I shed, could subdue."

Her only reply was the low sobs of him who bent fondly, distractedly, above her pillow.

Feebly returning the pressure of his hand, she went on:

"When I after learned how much you were doing to serve and befriend one so unworthy as Laurent proved himself, and I coldly told you to never refer to the subject of his misdeeds—oh, Alfred, let those who have loved truly, unchangeably, as I have, appreciate what it cost me to know that you thought me heartless and ungrateful."

"Constance! how could you deny me now the sad comfort of knowing that I had contributed at least to your comfort? How could you toil and starve, and let even your little cherished pet (poor, darling Florian!) suffer privation, rather than let me know that I could assist you?"

Memory, painful memory, of all the privations felt by her patient, gentle little Florian, were busy with the mother's heart. She did not reply, and he went on:

"I never knew where you had removed, or that my uncle did not allow you a sufficient maintenance. In fact, when I once ventured to inquire, he assured me he sent you ample allowance; but to now see you for the first time since you sent me from you, here, dying in an hospital! Why was this reserved for me?"

"Alfred, when the first stunning grief that you will feel will have passed, then, when you can reflect more calmly, you will see that I could not have done otherwise. I felt that although you knew me to be pure in heart, yet if I received benefits others would

not think so. My heart told me that you would propose again, yet, though no longer trammelled by earthly bonds, still my love was such for you that I would not be your wife, feeling that as such I should be beyond the suspicion of a doubt. My prayer is answered. Blessed be this mercy!"

She had spoken at plainly, and at intervals, her pulse fluttering, death evidently near. Raising her eyes to his, in a look of undying love, she said:

"Kiss me, Alfred, I would that to you was given my last earthly kiss."

For a moment his breast heaved convulsively. Sobs, low and choking, shook his slight frame, then, wiping the tears from his pale and sunken cheek, he bent his head and pressed his pale and quivering lips to hers, where life's last breath flickered.

It was the first time their lips had ever met—the last.

Her arms, that had twined round his neck, did not relax their clasp until he, anxious to know what her last wishes might be, and knowing that her hours were numbered, gently loosened their feeble pressure, and bending near to ask where she would be laid in death was struck with the change in her still beautiful features.

A sweet smile of angelic peace rested on the yet warm lips, whence the breath had fled. The white hands, loosened from his neck, had fallen meekly crossed upon her breast—the long weary spirit was at rest.

Divining with love's unerring instinct what Constance's wishes would have been, the next day the disinterred remains of the little Florian were placed by his young mother's side, in the vault of the Delpeche family, where her own fair mother and Uncle Florian slept.

There can be no sadder sight than that of a hearse unattended by a single follower, in the crowded streets of a large city, passing to the graveyard. Beautifully expressive are the lines of Hood—

Oh, it was pitiful, in the whole city fall,  
Home she had none!

Ingersoll sat with the minister in the carriage that followed the hearse. And slowly, did that mournful cortege—the hearse and that one solitary mourner—take its way to the cemetery, where, with many tears, he, whom her young heart had ever loved so fondly, laid her weary head where the wicked cannot trouble; where the earth-tried rest, and then, bereft of every joy, life weary, he went abroad.

Years had passed. The wanderer had returned, but careworn and restless, he but visited the grave of Constance, and left his native land for ever.

THE END.



[LORD ORANMORE'S MISTAKE.]

## THYRA DESMOND;

OR,

## THE MAIDEN OF THE LAKE.

## CHAPTER XL.

I've heard there was in ancient days  
A lyre of most melodious spell.  
'Twas heaven to hear its fairy lays,  
If half be true that legends tell.  
'Twas played on by the gentlest sighs,  
And in their breath it breathed again  
In such entrancing melodies  
As ear had never drunk till then.

"Did you ever see Lord Oranmore before, Thyra?" asked Erica Vespi on the following morning but one after their new guest's arrival.

There was the slightest possible pique in the tone of the young girl, that might have indicated to her companion some almost imperceptible change in the usually warm and loving manner. But, happily for herself, Thyra was not sensitive to such slight indications of the temper or feelings of those in whom she trusted and of whose love she felt assured.

She rather preferred to believe that some casual ailment or annoyance or passing abstraction of mind was the cause of any such difference, and not any real change in the temper of those with whom she was in contact.

And thus her reply to her young invalid charge was perfectly free from embarrassment.

"I? certainly not, dear. What could put such an idea into your head?" she asked, with a frank smile that might well have disarmed any suspicion on the part of the invalid.

"Oh, I do not know; only you became so intimate all at once, and yesterday he was looking at your work while he seemed to be talking to me," answered Erica, with unmistakable fretfulness in her tone.

Thyra looked at her with equally uncontrolled sorrow and surprise.

"Do I really understand you rightly? Is it possible that the generous Erica Vespi can say or think such painful, unjust things?" she asked, gently, for even in her momentary resentment she could not altogether forget that the offender was an invalid, and so young and motherless that she might well be pardoned for her folly.

Erica blushed as deeply as her delicate skin could display the warm tint that her conscious weakness spread over her pale cheek.

"Oh, I don't mean that; I don't think anything that is wrong of you, dear Thyra," was the reply, in tones which betrayed still some continuance of the uncomfortable feelings she was cherishing; "but you are so pretty and attractive that I am not at all surprised that you are better liked than I am, especially now that I am ill and dull and stupid, and you can sing and work, and I am helpless. It is very, very hard to bear; you must be patient with me, Thyra," she added, plaintively.

All trace of annoyance, if indeed she had felt any, soon vanished from the girl-nurse's face and breast at the naive confession, the tearful eye and the quivering voice of that fair young girl.

"Dearest Erica, you are unjust to yourself and others also," said Thyra, gently. "It is simply impossible that it should be what you think. You have all that can draw any one towards you in love and in sympathy. You are high-born, you have a devoted father, you will have fortune to keep you in comfort and happiness all your life; while I, whom you think almost to be envied, have not one of these gifts. I am poor and alone, and of almost unknown birth, for I have no knowledge of my relations or my father's real origin; and surely you would not change with me, dear Erica," she went on, half-reproachfully.

"Yes, I would—I would indeed!" eagerly exclaimed the girl. "Because you have health and freedom and you can win any one's love that sees you. It is simply irresistible," she went on, with a smile that had terrible wanness and sorrow in it. "I can see that Hugh is occupied in watching you when he is talking to any one else, and it does seem rather hard when I am such an old friend, because I cannot do as I once did with him."

Thyra was pierced to the heart by the ominous moan of her young companion.

She sympathized with her in her inmost heart, but then why was she, the innocent and unconscious one, to be the victim? Why were her peace and her very shelter and home to be endangered without one look or word on her own part to deserve the punishment?

"You are ill, dear Erica," she said, gravely, "or you could not talk thus; you would never wound one who has already had so much of grief and sorrow. As to Lord Oranmore, you must surely see that what he really wishes is to shield you from any suffering or fatigue which he might bring on you if he devoted himself too much to talking to you alone. It is cruel and unjust to dream of anything else."

And the girl's very lips quivered with the proud indignation that swelled in her heart at the very supposition to which she gave shape and words.

For a moment the young invalid appeared to feel somewhat conscience-stricken at the new view of the subject. She clasped Thyra's hand fervently in hers and pressed it to her lips in silence.

It had been better thus, better to have let the vexed and tender subject remain untouched in words and by a tacit admission of the truth bury the unlucky argument in oblivion.

But a young and jealous female heart could scarcely content itself so calmly and so wisely. And even as the tender caress was lavished on her friend a whole host of annoying memories rushed upon Erica's breast.

"He was charmed with your music, he seemed to forget everything else while you were singing, and I can scarcely remember one song—one piece that I used to know. I sometimes think that my brain must be partially gone, dear," said Erica, mournfully. "Yes, it is no use, I shall never be like myself again, and when papa is gone I shall have no one to love me," she wailed, in a voice where the tears sounded sadly.

Thyra knew not what to do or say.

She had tried the soothing power of kindness, the more powerful engine of argument and half-reproach. What remained for her now save more stringent and determined measures?

"Listen to me, Erica," she said, gravely. "You cannot believe me unfeeling or cold where you are concerned. I have done my best, and I would at this very instant give much, very much to restore you to health. And now if you sincerely believe that I am even unconsciously and ignorantly doing you wrong, it is enough; I will not appear during the time of Lord Oranmore's visit here; I will keep out of his way in every manner possible, not because I think there is the slightest necessity for such foolish precaution, but whatever should betide I had better be entirely out of the matter. I should not choose you to say or think that it was owing to me if you had any grounds of complaint."

And a proud flash glittered in the rich-tinted and thoughtful eye of the lake maiden as she spoke.

"No, no, I never meant that; it would be foolish. What would he think? It would be very silly," she murmured, hesitatingly.

"No, it would not. I perceive that you are too strongly imbued with the fancy to be able to conquer

it," said Thyra, calmly. "It may be because you are ill. In any case it is better to act upon it," was her determined reply.

"But suppose he suspects anything, what shall I do? what would he think?" said Erica, humbly, so humbly, indeed, that it excited pity rather than anger in Thyra's breast.

"It would be enough to say that I prefer being alone; that it is not usual for me to be present when you have company; that I am an underling—an unknown—anything you like—I care not," was the half-impudent answer.

The high-born daughter of Sir Hilary Vescei felt humiliated to the very dust.

She had not courage to deny nor to rise superior to the weakness which Thyra too surely suspected, and yet she saw that it was baseness and injustice to comply with the proposal.

Was she only to secure the affection and interest of her friend by hiding one more attractive from his sight? Was she to requite the fair girl's goodness and her attention and her sacrifice by such contemptuous exile from their company?

It was scarcely to be accepted and confessed without bitter humiliation and shame, and yet poor Erica had no power to hold up against the temptation.

"Oh, Thyra, Thyra, I am so ashamed, so angry with myself!" she murmured, casting herself on the neck of her friend and weeping bitterly in the struggle between her real wishes and her native generosity and honour. "And then, of course, it is such nonsense; because, of course, I could not expect or dream of anything while I am almost a child, and so ill and helpless, and yet I am so vain and silly and weak that it seems to stab me to the quick for him to admire and like to talk to you best—as I know he does," she went on, passionately. "Oh, Thyra, Thyra, can you forgive me, and will you love me still, and stay with me? He will not be long here you know, and then it will be all the same again."

And the girl anxiously gazed up in her friend's lovely face to hear the reply.

There was a degree of scorn in it.

Thyra could not altogether repress the high and generous feelings which were so utterly counter to such a cowardly jealousy and weakness.

To her mind it was well nigh incomprehensible that such things could exist. She would have literally cut off her right hand rather than have confessed such terrible injustice, such a distrust of herself and all around. If she were not chosen and loved freely and boldly and for herself alone, she would have rejected the very noblest and best suitor in the land.

But their Erick was ill and but a child in years, and it was scarcely fair to judge her by the same rule as herself, in health and nearly attained to woman's estate.

"You have a perfect right to arrange all things in your own house, Erica," she said, calmly, "and it would not be for me to demur to your wishes or plans. But in any case I would not even by a fancy injure your happiness where it could be avoided. Let it be so. I will remain in my apartments and you can give any reason you please about my absence. Say I will not—cannot, that I am ill, that I hate society, and indeed I think I do," she burst out, with an uncontrollable fit of half-sobbing bitterness as the loneliness of her lot was forced upon her mind by the words she uttered.

Nor was Erica unmindful of the sense they conveyed, and for a brief moment she was inclined to retract and bid Thyra forget and ignore the idle passing weakness.

But unfortunately the voice of Lord Oranmore sounded at the moment in the large terrace walk.

"Thank you, Sir Hilary, but I think I would rather go to Miss Vescei's sitting-room; she promised me a sight of some sketches which she made last year on your tour in Killarney, and I believe Miss Desmond has found a duet I wished to practise with her. It is one that I often wanted to learn, and I never discovered anyone else who had patience or skill to bear with my stupidity in the attempt, so I need not give you any trouble for the rest of the morning if you have any other engagement."

Thyra could not altogether repress a kindling conscious blush, and Erica's pretty lips curled involuntarily as she listened.

"You see," she said, "you see. It is not fancy on my part. It is a real and disgraceful humiliation that I care for the knowledge; but at least it seems that he should somewhat conceal it—that he need not display his disregard for me in my own father's house. I only wish for ordinary friendship and civility, nothing more from him—or any one," she went on, pas-

sionately, with the impetuous temper of the race breaking forth with uncontrollable and feverish excitement.

"You are right, I will go, I will do as you said," said Thyra, calmly rising, her whole mien contrasting strangely in its grand dignity with Erica's quivering agitation. "Say what you please; say I have a headache—it is quite true, and I will not return till you send for me."

And she rapidly passed from the room, though not quite so swiftly but that Lord Oranmore caught a glimpse of her retreating figure as she closed the door behind her.

"I see you are alone, Erica; is Miss Desmond gone to get the sketches?" he asked, quickly, after the first kindly inquiry after her health.

"No, I fancy she will not return at present, she has a bad headache and I have advised her to lie down," returned the girl, with ill concealed embarrassment, for she was too young and too proud to descend to falsehood without a painful struggle.

"Ah, she is perhaps a little over fatigued with her walk yesterday. I saw her just returning from the lake, and I asked her how far she had been, and I believe it must have been at least five miles," said the viscount, with what Erica thought a very needless expression of anxiety.

"Scarcely, since she is accustomed to a great deal more exercise where she has been living," she returned, rather sharply. "She was governess to some children of Lady Maud Tracy's before she came to us, and I have heard her say she could row and walk for hours at her native Lake Corrib. However, she will keep quiet for a little time, and get well again, I daresay. There are the sketches if you think them worth looking at, Hugh," she added, more archly and gently.

He was not sorry to devote his attention to the drawings, for he felt a strange repugnance to the usual beddings which he was wont to carry on with his former playmate.

And as Erica had decidedly a taste for the art, and he could honestly praise the sketches for their dashing and graphic boldness, the next half-hour passed away more pleasantly to both than its commencement promised.

The dressing-bell rang, Erica's maid appeared to make what alteration could be permitted in the invalid's toilet, and Lord Oranmore repaired to his dressing-room, with vague doubts as to the real cause of the indisposition of the lake maiden.

## CHAPTER XL.

THYRA retired to her own chamber with more disturbed and irate feelings than her gentle, unselfish nature was accustomed to entertain, and which well nigh alarmed herself by their vehemence and strength.

She had known anxiety, disappointment, bereavement, poverty, and the various ills that follow in their train; she had quitted her girlhood's home, she had barely torn herself away from the refuge that had been offered to her at the personage where she was a dear and cherished inmate; she had been coldly and proudly released from her engagement by Lady Maud Tracy, and all these changes and all the mortifications they entailed had been most severely felt and bravely borne.

But this was the bitterest cup of all. She had risked so much for Erica Vescei, she had devoted herself so entirely to her service, and had learned to love her almost as a young sister in the suffering which was common to them both in this, the spring-tide of their youth.

Now she was again deceived, thrown back on herself; once more she encountered ingratitude and suspicion, ay, and jealousy also, and without the faintest shadow of cause save in the ignored one of her own beauty and attractions.

She was exiled from the very society of her she had been actually almost forcibly drawn to help and nurse, and because some pique and jealousy had risen up in Erica's heart she was to be treated and condemned as a mental to solitude and to something very like despair.

It was not that she cared for Lord Oranmore, or his admiration or neglect, her heart was entirely free from any such weakness; she was too wise, and, it might be, too well guarded, for any such folly. Still, it was galling to be thus under a ban, and far worse to be disappointed in her for whom she had conceived love and trust and esteem.

The time went on, the dressing and dinner bells both rang, and Thyra could have smiled in bitter scorn as she thought of the subtleties that would

necessarily attend her absence from the evening meal, where she was accustomed always to appear.

She cared not to remain for the chance that she might have some refreshment brought her in the sitting-room, as if she were a naughty child, and, to say the truth, she needed some diversion from her restless thoughts.

As the safest and most congenial place for her present mood she repaired to the picture gallery, where all the long-departed ancestors of the Vesceis were preserved in mocking semblance of their former selves.

She had not yet fully examined the details of the gallery, for the intervals of her nursing and companionship of the invalid had been generally seized by her for outdoor exercise, and this evening, when the hour was somewhat too late for leaving the house, she determined to occupy the leisure space in the society of the departed, since she had no chance of sharing the companionship of the living members of the household.

She hastened to the splendid old apartment, which in itself was a study, with its painted oriel windows, its carved oak panelling, its intervals of exquisite frescoes, dividing the large spaces where the pictures hung in speaking and historical accuracy.

Yes, speaking, for Thyra could have woven a graceful tale from the succession of portraits; their faces, their dress, their companionship—the stately pairs, the youthful brides, the fair children, the grave, solitary knights and maidens presented to her vivid imaginings a floating and yet graphic tableau vivant, that was but a repetition of the old, old tale, from the beginning of the world, and will be enacted to the end.

At last she somewhat wearied of her study, and sat down in a deep recess not far from the blank space which had attracted the attention of Erica Vescei some months before.

There were a large chair and a small table in this room, and Thyra gave herself up to reverie, which turned very much on the cause of the banishment of the departed portrait which had hung there in former days, and of which still paint marks remained, as if in emblem of the stain that clings to a disgraced name long after the owner and the story have passed into oblivion.

The dusk was closing gradually round her, and Thyra at last woke up to the fact that it would possibly entail her detention during the night if she remained in her present semi-concealment till the doors were locked in the evening round of the officials of the household.

She was just about to proceed to the nearest door, after one more lingering glance at the occupants of that mysterious shade, when it suddenly opened to admit the tall and gaunt figure of Mrs. Malone with a lighted lamp in her hand, that rather deepened than illumined the gloomy obscurity of the apartment.

The good housekeeper, who, as might be expected, scarcely possessed such acute senses as in former days, was perfectly unconscious of the presence of any living tenant of the room save herself, till Thyra was so close to her that the lamp flamed its bright though limited flame on her features and form.

Mrs. Malone uttered a low shriek as she started back in terrible recoil from the unexpected apparition, and seemed very much inclined to repeat the cry for help, when Miss Desmond hastily reassured her by the address which would convince her of her identity and right to be in the precincts of Rosanna.

"Bless me! but what a terrible fright you've given me. I thought it was a ghost, or maybe a banshee. Why, I'm all of a shake entirely, I am!"

And the worthy woman's whole frame did certainly shiver very violently, as the trembling of the lamp in her fingers betrayed.

Thyra kindly apologized for the alarm she had caused her so unconsciously.

"I am so sorry, Mrs. Malone; but I never thought that you would come, and I had been sitting some time, till I was afraid of being locked up, and just prepared to leave the gallery as you entered. Did you think I was a returned spirit, or a robber, that you were so terrified?"

"Well, to speak sensible truth, Miss Desmond," replied the woman, "it was just as if Miss Theresa had walked out of the frame, that it was, to see you in the dusk light. Oh, dear, I can't get over it at all, at all. It's her born image you look, though the dress and hair are away. I knew it was some one you brought to my eyes, but it's Miss Theresa and no mistake entirely that you brought back to me, and it was just that I thought you were when you came to the light, Miss Desmond."

Thyra had kindly supported the old woman to the

chair she had just herself quitted, and now listened with somewhat amused curiosity to the gushing forth of her prolix tale.

"And who was Miss Theresa, Mrs. Malone? I suppose some relation of the Vesca, or you would not have expected to see her here," she asked, as she rested on the fauteuil near the chair that had been her recent resting-place.

Mrs. Malone somewhat hesitated.

"Oh, it's a name that's seldom spoken at Rosanne," she said, glancing fearfully round; "but for all that, it's no for me to deny she was a Vesca—ay, and a handsome one too, more was the pity that she should do as she did."

"And what was that, Mrs. Malone?" asked the girl, without betraying any knowledge of the lady in question. "What did she do?"

"She offended all her friends and relations, and ran away with someone. But it's no for me to say, nor what became of her, since I never properly knew the tale. But you're as like her as if you'd been sisters, only she must have been dead many a long, long year before you were born."

"And where was the picture put? I should like to see what I seem to be in other people's eyes," returned the girl, gaily; "can't you show it to me, Mrs. Malone?"

She felt a real desire to catch a glimpse of this wonderful portrait that neither Sir Hilary nor his daughter cared to inspect or allow others to see in their observations of the gallery.

Surely there must be some special peculiarity in its beauty or in the crime of the original to cast such a ban on the very name and the image of this fair daughter of Rosanne.

The housekeeper shook her head.

"It's just what I seldom look at myself, Miss Thyra, but, still, it's yourself has brought her to my mind—and you're young and full of life, and it's no wonder that your head turns on anything in this dull place, and especially as poor Miss Vesca is so ill and helpless, and, besides, it's only right that some oversight should be kept, because let what would happen there's no taking the blood from her veins—she's as good a Vesca as any of them, and there's no getting over that."

And for the moment Mrs. Malone looked as if she herself were responsible for the indignities that were offered to the portrait of the long-deceased Theresa.

"Then we may go; you will show it to me?" said Thyra, eagerly.

"Yes, if you'll promise never to speak of it to any one," returned Mrs. Malone; "it might vex my master to think I had spread the story, though the saints are witness I never opened my lips till 'Conn,' as they call him, brought me word that it was known in many a shiebeen round. And Mike, maybe, is more of a gossip than I am, and he sees a great deal more folks," continued the housekeeper, loftily, "so it may be well if you would not mind keeping your tongue in your lips about it," she went on, as rapidly as if she was exacting an oath from some departing spirit.

"Certainly, Mrs. Malone, there can be nothing wrong or difficult in that," replied Thyra, with a suppressed smile. "I should be ungrateful and indolent to spread abroad anything that was placed in your keeping whether for a special or unknown purpose. I promise you I will never mention it unless you give me leave, or to benefit any member of this family. Will that satisfy you, good dame?"

"Yes, you're of good old blood yourself, or I'm easily mistaken," returned the housekeeper, "and so now we'll go, Miss Desmond, and look at what even Miss Erica never saw, I'm bound to say."

Thyra's interest was still more awakened, and she prepared to follow, or rather accompany, Mrs. Malone more rapidly than suited the old lady's failing strength. But as the young girl held the candle, and then offered her own arm to assist the progress, there was but a brief interval of suspense as they stood before the very portrait that Lord Ashworth had seen some weeks before.

"There was no doubt of it when once it was turned in full view.

Even the comparatively feeble light of the lamp did not prevent the perception of the great and extraordinary resemblance between her and the fair and faulty Theresa.

There were the same hair, eyes and complexion, the same ruby lips, the same light, rounded form, but the expression was somewhat different. In the picture the pride and wilfulness and passion of the race seemed glowing and flashing forth with strange and almost unwomanly brilliancy.

In the living prototype there was the same high spirit, and it might be at times as much haughtiness as pervaded the portrait.

But the habitual expression was softer, purer, and more thoughtful, and if Theresa had in any manner the superiority in physical beauty it was certainly

surpassed by the intellectual charm, the spirituelle grace that Thyra Desmond possessed.

There was silence for a few minutes. Thyra stood motionless as if petrified by a shock from a galvanic battery, so completely did she appear to lose sense or movement as she gazed.

And no wonder. No marvel that her senses were bewildered and her whole memory absorbed by one idea as she looked on the beautiful face before her.

But it was not that she was surprised by the unmistakable likeness to herself as by the still more remarkable resemblance secretly treasured by her father, and the small golden chain which had been given her by the little May Tracy.

There could be no doubt of it that they must have stood for one and the same person.

There could scarcely have been two so identical in features and form and dress as the two portraits of which the tiny miniatures appeared to be a fairy-like copy.

She had ascertained her identity at last, she had found out part at least of the secret of her father's life, or of his ancestral line. There was some connexion between him and the Vesca of Rosanne, or how could the portrait have come into his possession and been so carefully hoarded up by him?

Thyra could scarcely feel guilty of prying into unknown mysteries, since it had been totally without any idea of what she was going to see or to discover that she had passed into the ancient gallery, and that she eagerly accepted the offer for any inspection of the mysterious portrait. Might not this accidental revelation be a guidance of Providence for the elucidation of the secret of her life?

Mrs. Malone had not interrupted the young lady's deep reverie during the brief time it took for the thoughts thus suggested to pass through her brain. Perhaps her own less rapid ideas had been fully engrossed by the singular resemblance that was even more visible when compared in such juxtaposition than when apart from the picture.

It might be one of those accidental coincidences which have led in ancient and modern times to mistaken identity, to fraud, and to sufferings, and doubtless it never crossed Mrs. Malone's mind that the humble companion of her beloved young lady bearing a different name, and utterly ignorant of the family, could by any chance have some connexion with its history.

But still it was striking and romantic enough to occasion a curious and blank astonishment in her mind, and it might be some latent prejudice against the stranger prototype of the unfortunate Theresa Vesca.

"Dear, dear, well, and it's past belief, it is. The saints forbid that I should think evil of any one," exclaimed the good dame; "but it's no good that can become of it—none. It's like bringing ill-luck into the house—like a ghost to see it—like a bewitchment, and it's strange the weather himself does not see it, only to be sure it's many a long year since he saw the picture, and it may be he's too much taken up with poor Miss Erica to think about it," she went on, certainly forgetting her companion's feelings in the matter, and rather speaking to herself than to the young lady whose ill-omened words.

Bridget Malone could not have willingly hurt the feelings of a young and beautiful and friendless girl. She had too much of the Hibernian warmth of heart and delicacy to lack generous and kindly impulses to those who especially needed their exercise.

But then, she had also some of her nation's prejudices, and her nation's passionate devotion to her "ould family," and she would have been ready to sacrifice herself or any one else, if only for the benefit of her chosen patrons.

And although Thyra knew it not, though she was too innocent and unselfish to dream of such injustice in others, she yet had made a more dangerous enemy in this brief moment than might have been occasioned by months and years of mistaken rivalry and jealous pique in ordinary and cooler minds.

But it was happier for her that she knew it not; and the very sweetness and unconsciousness of her reply might well have conciliated the most prejudiced.

"My dear Malone, you are speaking as if it was a real likeness of the picture," she said, playfully. "Surely I am not responsible for the freaks of nature. If Miss Erica was as complete a resemblance to this unfortunate lady, you would not think it was her fault; and certainly I have nothing to do with what I never even saw in my life."

"Perhaps not—perhaps not," sighed the old dame. "And it may be as bad for you, acushla, as for those you may hurt. But there's a fate that can't be avoided, where there's the old blood and the noble birth, and if you're to work evil, it can't be helped, by mortal man, nor woman either. But it's time now to look

up and go to the supper. They'll be wondering where I am, colleen; and if I don't keep the time and the rules, there'll be scant order in the house; and Miss Erica, so young, and ill to the fore."

And Mrs. Malone led the way determinedly to the picture gallery, and walked steadily through it to the hall where supper awaited her coming, all unmindful of the anxious looks and irregular steps that marked the agitation and uneasiness of the fair young companion of the lady of Rosanne.

It was no wonder if Thyra passed a sleepless night after such a strange and eventful day. The discoveries made by her of Erica's comparative bitterness and injustice, and the evident ill-feeling that her unlucky resemblance to the portrait caused in Mrs. Malone gave almost equal though very divided uneasiness to the girl's mind.

She could scarcely trust more now to the lady than to the housekeeper—to the fair and innocent and high-born Erica, than to the more prejudiced and preoccupied mind of the matured and untutored dependent.

And it was for this she had given up so much—a safe and honourable home, the love of darling children, and the spotless name with which she had entered the family of the lady Maud Tracy.

For the first time she began to suspect that her beauty was a curse rather than a blessing, and to look forward with vague but gloomy and engrossing terror to the prospect before her in her future life, and yet the brave spirit within boldly defied fate and determined to keep the whole consciousness of right, whatever might befall her as its results.

But the restraint and inaction of her bed became fairly intolerable as the morning dawned on the unhappy Mike maiden, and she sprang from her recumbent but sleepless position, and, hastily dressing herself, she began to prepare for leaving the house on an early and consequently safe stroll to calm and refresh her spirit and her frame.

Certainly there would be nothing suspicious, nothing to excite censure in such a ramble, since few, save the servants of Rosanne, would be astir, and even that portion of the household rarely represented by its less active members.

She passed out of one of the side windows that were not visible from the principal apartments, and set off at a swift and increasing pace till she was fairly out of sight of the house and able to wander away, as she imagined, unobserved by mortal eye.

Certainly there were at intervals peasants in the romantic valley, who were either engaged in their half-permitted fishing or the sort of semi-hunting and shooting that were permitted them as one means of obtaining their daily bread.

But it was not uncommon for Erica in her happier days to undertake such rambles at the most inopportune hours, and the simple country folk naturally believed that it was an accustomed freak of the young and lovely in the superior ranks of life. On she went, therefore, unquestioned and careless of the observations and the talk her somewhat unprotected ramble at that hour would occasion.

She eventually reached the scene of her dialogue with Mike Halloran, the theatre of poor Kathleen's disaster, the romantic and melancholy heroine of a poetical and true legend. It was not utterly untenanted now.

There was a figure seated mournfully on the very crag of Lingdeep Hill, and through it was habited in rustic dress and the back turned towards the spot from which she came, yet she instinctively concluded that it was no common peasant but some one of higher rank and of more polished mien who had taken up his position there.

The attitude, the very bend of the figure, the make of the rustic material of which the garments were composed all seemed to point to such a conclusion, and Thyra hesitated for a moment ere she went forward lest it might be Lord Orammore who by some extraordinary fatality was there on the same restless errand that had brought her thither.

But a slight movement on the part of the stranger removed that impression.

The features of the visitant's face were perhaps more regular and strictly handsome, but there was an intellectual expression in the face turned towards Thyra which was in her opinion most decidedly more attractive.

She guessed instantly its identity. She had met unconsciously printed in her heart the lineaments of that face, and, though scarcely more than a profile met her view, she doubted not that Gaston, Lord Ashworth, was the solitary denizen of that memorable point, and she would not retreat till she ascertained whether he was in any need of help, or whether he considered that some risk still attended his steps in spite of the recovery of his opponent and the consequent vindication from the worst charge that could hang over a human being's head.

Timidly but steadily the girl advanced to the top of the steep rock by a somewhat circuitous route that could not attract suddenly the attention of the stranger.

She did not wish to startle him by a sudden approach nor indeed to let him imagine that she had seen him and come purposely towards him, but rather that she accidentally encountered him in the unfamiliar spot.

She stood for a few seconds after she came in view of the solitary stranger before she even attracted his attention by a sound or a word, then she quietly but obviously disturbed the bushes and the furze on the brow of the hill, so that he might turn and perceive her ere she accosted him.

It was a very harmless act and it soon succeeded in its object.

Lord Ashworth turned sharply round and his face literally beamed with delight as his eyes encountered Thyra's sweet and serious gaze.

"Is it possible? Are we really drawn together by some happy magnet?" he exclaimed, as he took her hand in his ere she was well aware of his intention. "There cannot be evil omen for me while this attraction keeps a sweet spirit near me," he added, pressing her hand with respectful and tender warmth.

She might well be excused for permitting the freedom, for permitting him to hold her fingers in his own and to look with those thoughtful and expressive eyes in her face for a longer time than strict and severe etiquette might have sanctioned.

It was so sweet to be able to trust some one who had not the power to suspect or malign her, to feel that a noble heart and a fearless spirit were on her side and that she was comprehended and sympathized with by one who was well worthy of her confidence.

"You, at any rate, do not call my presence ill-omened, then," she said, playfully, for she knew that it was at once dangerous and unmanly to give serious import to his words. "Do you know I have been accused of a contrary influence during the last twelve hours."

Indeed! And by whom?" he asked, incredulously. "By a jealous rival?"

"Scarcely," she replied, in the same tone of supposed gaiety, "scarcely, for it was the ancient house-keeper at Rosanne who delivered this opinion, and she firmly believes that I am bringing a spell on the place and its inhabitants."

"Very probably," he returned, with a half-quiet smile; "but of what nature and by what means is a very different matter. May I ask who is to be bewitched by you at Rosanne?" he went on, half-jealously, as Thyra instinctively felt, though she did not venture to even glance in his earnest face.

"I am afraid it is a kind of evil demon of which I am suspected," returned the girl, "and simply because I happened unluckily to resemble some rebellious daughter of the Vescis, who is supposed to be the Parish of the family. You cannot but say it is rather hard," she added, playfully.

"Especially if the heir of the house is absent and the invalid daughter present," he returned. "I can see it all now—you are the good angel who is to nurse back Miss Vesci to health; that is the witchery I presume you are to safely practise."

Thyra started slightly.

"How is it you hear that? Why do you think so?" she asked, quickly.

"Do you suppose I am not deeply interested in all that concerns you?" he said, earnestly, almost mournfully. "Thyra, forgive me for saying what perhaps ought never to pass my lips till I can speak it as plainly and honourably as you demand by your beauty and innocence and loneliness. And, believe me, dear Thyra, I would not, for the wealth of worlds—no, not even for what I value far more—would I offer the very shadow of an insult to your maiden purity. But, if things were otherwise, were I free to woo you as I would desire, were I innocent as yourself and free from every claim on my heart and my hand, then I should deem nothing too precious or too laborious that could win your love and your hand. Now it is spoken, will you pardon me? Will you only tell me that you pity, and that you do not hate me?"

Thyra had sunk down on the rock, for literally she could not stand.

The declaration was so unexpected, so strange, and so mysterious, that she could not realize the real purport or the real power of the affection which could have so completely over-mastered one so self-restrained and so strong.

It did not flatter her vanity; it did not bring one flutter of triumph to her heart to feel her power over one at once noble in rank and in character and manly strength.

But it did strike to her very core to know that she was loved; ay, and to feel that she returned that

love, though she had hitherto ignored the very thought. But it was all revealed to her now, and she could perceive perhaps more clearly why the suit of Brian Vesci and the admiration of Lord Oranmore had been so powerless to please or satisfy her heart, or excite her interest and gratified girlish vanity by the flattery of such preference to her obscure self.

Still, what could she say to so half a declaration, so vague an avowal, which was yet confessed to be wonderful in its burst of passion?

She feared to move. She tried to check the tears and steady the trembling lips that were such tell-tales of her feelings, but in vain.

And Gaston would have been more than a man had he not been impelled to take her hand again in his, and to bend forward to catch the first whisper of her reply. But what that reply would have been he was not destined to know, for a voice sounded in their ears that made both start violently, and Lord Oranmore stood suddenly before them.

(To be continued.)

## BURIED SECRETS.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

DIANA recoiled before the sinister intruder, her eyes wild with horror, both hands upraised as if to ward off an attack from him.

"Philip!" she gasped. "Philip!"

Piers Dalyell's face lighted with a lurid glow.

Did she take him for his brother, her dead husband?

He glanced at his reflection in one of the numerous mirrors. Her mistake was not so strange. How like he was to his younger brother in features, complexion, height, even the manner of wearing moustache and whiskers. The great point of unlikeness, the mouth, was carefully hidden in a thicket of black hair. And she actually believed him to be Philip Ryve!

Diana's attitude did not change.

"Philip," she said again, in that gasping voice, full of terror and affright. "They told me you were dead! I believed that you were dead!"

Dalyell smiled, his hideous mouth, in its concealment, writhing and twisting like a serpent. He stepped within the room.

"Is the door locked?"

Diana nodded assent.

"Where is your maid?"

The girl hesitated. How alone she was! A sense of that loneliness and of her insecurity flashed upon her. Sir Hugh was upstairs, but not within sound of her voice. There was no one upon the lower floor of all that great mansion but herself and this midnight visitor.

And she was afraid of him! He had not the faintest shadow of a doubt that he was Philip Ryve. She had utterly forgotten what Philip had told her upon the morning of their marriage about his brother. She had even forgotten that Philip had had a brother. But there was something in Dalyell which Ryve had not possessed. He stood in the well-lighted room like incarnate Evil. She had liked Philip; she regarded this counterpart of his with a shuddering fear.

She took a step nearer the bell-pull unconsciously, as she faltered:

"She has gone to bed!"

"And you are all alone?"

Diana could not answer, but she again nodded.

"Then sit down," said Dalyell. "I have much to say to you."

Diana dropped down upon a lounge near the bell-pull. Dalyell moved nearer to her, pushed a chair with its back to the light, and sat down in it, his face in shadow.

Then there was a brief silence. Dalyell surveyed the spacious room, with its costly furniture, and the beautiful pale young owner of these splendours, his gaze dwelling on her features with admiration, that grew stronger with every instant.

Diana could not bear his scrutiny.

"Philip," she whispered, "speak to me! I believed you dead. Papa said you were dead. I saw you shoot yourself. How could I know that the wound was not fatal? Philip—"

Dalyell's soul swelled with exultation.

Then it was that the fiend entered into him. The quaint old saying has never been applied with truer meaning. She believed him Philip—well, to her he would be Philip!

And, vaguely, he began to see a way in which, despite Diana's marriage to Sir Hugh Redmond, she might become his—Dalyell's—wife, and he, through her, gain possession of the wealth he coveted!

"Calm yourself," he said. "I cannot talk to you while you stare at me with those wild eyes."

Diana strove to calm herself. Her heart was beating heavily; her breath came in gasps; she was scared and panic-stricken, but she had well learned the art of self-control. Dalyell had expected her to faint as she had done on seeing him at the Yews, but she held herself in stern command, and presently was calm as any statue, although her hand pressed tightly to her heart testified to the unquiet within.

"So you thought me dead?" said Dalyell.

"Had I not reason to think so?"

"I grant that you had," said the schemer, "but, as you see, I am not dead. But I have been very near death all these months. A handsome bribe to the officers who had me in charge, and the almost certainty that I would die, induced them to leave me at Wareham, giving out that I was dead. Certain friends of mine in London came on to see my grave, or obtain my effects, found me and removed me to town. I have lain there in hiding until recently."

Diana regarded him with dilating eyes.

"I thought of you often and often during my long illness," continued Dalyell. "And when I was able to walk out again I travelled back to Dorset in the hope of seeing you. I found you—how? I went into the old church and beheld you standing there a bride! I, a criminal, dared not rise up and claim you! And Sir Hugh Redmond won the woman who for one half-hour had been my bride! I followed you to the Yews. I stood on the lawn—"

"Don't recall it!" said Diana, in a choked voice.

"After I witnessed your marriage to the baronet, after I saw you at your widow. I went back to London, resolved that you should still think me dead, that I would never reveal myself again to you," said Dalyell. "I stayed there nearly a fortnight. But I found myself not strong enough to play Enoch Arden successfully. I could not live without sight of your face once more, and I left London this morning determined to see you again. I arrived at Redmond Hall about nightfall. I haunted the park for hours. Then I entered the garden. I saw this wing lighted up, and crept under the rose-hedge and watched. I saw Sir Hugh at an upper window while you walked beneath. When he withdrew from his window I worked my way through the hedge. I dared not accost you in the garden, and so waited till you entered the house. Then I came in also, and here I am!"

"Speak lower!" said Diana. "You may be heard. What do you want of me, Philip? Why have you come here to Sir Hugh Redmond's house?"

"These are strange questions to ask of me. Have you ceased to love me, Diana?"

The girl's lips curled with scorn.

"I never loved you!" she exclaimed. "Never! I was fresh from school. I knew nothing of the world. My home was one in which affection had no place. I was romantic, foolish, self-willed. I never, never loved you! You were older, a man of the world, familiar with crime. You deluded me; you persuaded me to marry you. What madness, what folly was mine! I grieved at the discovery of your real character. The shock of your attempted suicide made me ill for months. I have hoped that that page of my past was blotted out. Oh, Heaven, must wrong-doing be punished for ever?" she cried, her passionate young voice wild with anguish. "Is there no peace—no escape?"

"Is this the way you welcome my return to life?" cried Dalyell, reproachfully.

The girl flung her arms upward with a despairing gesture.

"That one act of self-will and disobedience on my part is cruelly punished! A moment of folly, an eternity of atonement! Why was I so mad? And why have you come back to me?" she cried, turning on Dalyell. "I have no love, no welcome for you. I have no respect for you; nothing but aversion, bitterest dislike!"

"And fear!" said Dalyell, slowly.

"Fear? Why should I fear you?"

"Are you not a bigamist—the wife of two husbands?"

Diana started.

"Is not a bigamist punished with disgrace and imprisonment?"

"I thought that you were dead."

"Do I not hold in my hand the honour of the name of Redmond? If I were to claim you, would not Sir Hugh—"

"Claim me? You will not! You dare not. I'll die before I'll go to you!"

"But the law—"

A desperate smile lent a lurid light to the girl's exquisite features.

"The law?" she repeated. "If the law insist upon my return to you, the law shall render me up to you dead!"

"Diana—"

"I am Lady Redmond here," said the girl, haughtily. "I was never your acknowledged wife. I was never your wife in fact. The clergyman went through the ceremony, that was all. You are not my husband. I repudiate you. And, more, I defy you, Philip Ryve, forger and criminal, to claim me in any court!"

Her spirit and audacity amazed Dalyell.

"By Jove!" he thought, "she is almost a match for me. It will be a pleasure to tame this proud eagle. Sir Hugh Redmond must have known what he was about when he chose this splendid creature as the guardian of his family honour. She stirs my heart. Actually, I, who never loved, am beginning to love her!"

He pulled at his whiskers, and said, softly:

"Do you also defy me to go to Sir Hugh Redmond with the certificate of our marriage?"

Diana did not answer.

"You see," said Dalyell, "that I am master. You say that you do not love me. You repudiate my claims. You have changed the poor criminal for the rich baronet. You are 'my lady,' and live in splendour, while I am poor, friendless, hunted. And this is woman's boasted love!"

He spoke with a bitterness befitting his assumed character.

"I told you that I never loved you. Love is eternal. That I felt for you was but a fancy. A girl's fancy does not last long!"

"I see it doesn't! But I married you from no mere caprice. You are the one love of my life. You belong to me, notwithstanding you wear this baronet's name and share his home. I shall not give up my claims upon you, notwithstanding your threats and declarations of dislike to me. 'Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.' Where is your conscience? Is it thus you keep the vows you took upon yourself in the old church at Rosney Heath?"

"I have taken upon myself later vows, and I must break these if I keep those made to you. I will not bring shame on Sir Hugh Redmond's name. I will die first!"

"Do you think he would care for the loyalty of a wife who was also the wife of another man?" sneered Dalyell. "Would he be proud and fond of a wife whose history was what yours is? Suppose that he knew what you really are, what then? Suppose that he knew who was really your father?"

Diana eyes dilated. Did he know that other secret? she asked herself. Impossible!

"What are you," continued Dalyell, "that you should scoff at me for a forger and a criminal? Was not your own father hanged for murder in Australia?"

The girl shrank away before him with a gray pallor on her features.

"You know that?" she whispered.

"I know it. If I am forger, criminal, and fugitive, are you not a fitting mate for me? I am a gentleman born. You are not a lady by birth, and my misconduct is more than balanced by that of your father. Mary Cartwright, daughter of Jack Cartwright, would not Sir Hugh Redmond be proud of your lineage? They call the Redmonds the proud Redmonds. Sir Hugh's pride would be abased, I think, if he knew all that you and I know."

Dalyell had not supposed Diana cognizant of the story which had been told Mr. Paulet by Mrs. Flint—that tale which the woman had since declared a falsehood—but he had meant to inform Diana and bid her appeal to Mr. Paulet for confirmation of it. He was overjoyed to find that she had heard it already.

"I must say in justification of myself," said Diana, clutching at her throat as though something choked her, "that I never suspected that I was not Mr. Paulet's own child until after my marriage. Then he told me. Had I known the truth, I should never have married anyone. Poor Sir Hugh!"

She paused a moment, and continued, in a firmer voice:

"I know so well the prejudices of English people of family against a blot upon their escutcheons. I know that Sir Hugh could never bear a revelation of the truth. I know the stern pride of English people—ah, do I not?" she broke off, suddenly. "Was I not so brought up? Did not teachers, servants, mamma, papa, everybody, teach me from the very beginning horror of crime, of wickedness, of all kinds of persons linked to wicked people? Was I not taught that the inheritance of a good name was to be prized above all things? I can hardly bear the truth. When I think that in my veins runs blood so foul I want to die! I must spare Sir Hugh the knowledge. And so I warn you, Philip Ryve, do not dare go to him with this story if you would not drive me to utter desperation!"

"I do not intend to see Sir Hugh if it can be avoided," said Dalyell. "I did not come to threaten you, Diana. I came because I felt that I must see you again. You live like a princess. I am poor."

"Do you want money?"

"I need money."

"I can buy your silence perhaps?" cried the girl. "Philip, if you have any love left for me, leave me in peace. I am not happy here. With two heavy crests like mine, I can never be happy again. But I must not wrong Sir Hugh in thought or act. I must not wring his heart, nor humble his pride. Will you go away as you have come? Will you promise to keep my secret safe?"

She ran to her desk and took out her purse—a gift with its contents from Mr. Paulet, on her wedding day.

"Here are two hundred pounds!" she said. "Take these. Go to some other country, Philip—"

He shook his head, but stretched out his hand for the money.

"I will take your purse," he answered. "I will leave you, Diana. But in the nights when you lie sleepless think whether you have done right in flinging me aside like this. I am your husband. Sir Hugh has no claim upon you. I make no farther appeal. I know that your conscience will not approve your decision. You might make me a better man. You promised to take me 'for better or for worse.' What is Jack Cartwright's daughter that she should scorn me? I think over these things, Diana. Remember the question of right and wrong is not a question of inclination."

He put the purse in his bosom, and moved towards the door. At the threshold he paused, remarking:

"Have no fears that I will betray you, Diana. You are my wife, and as such I shall protect rather than denounce you. I shall come again. That privilege cannot be denied me. Diana, my wife—"

He seemed unable to complete the sentence. Dashing his hand over his eyes, he opened the door, and rushed out into the rose-garden.

Sir Hugh, again at his window, witnessed his egress from Diana's boudoir and, catching up his pistols, the young baronet, believing him a burglar, fired at him. Dalyell took to his heels, and Sir Hugh came clattering down the stairs, and pounded upon Diana's door, clamouring for admittance.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

PIERS DALYELL managed to make his escape from Lady Redmond's rose-garden uninjured, and ran at full speed across the outer gardens, gaining the shrubbery in safety. Here he relaxed his pace, and readjusting his garments, which had become disarranged in his scramble through the rose-hedges, he walked onward, not stopping until he had gained the highway, a distance of half a mile.

Pur-suing his course along the open road for several minutes, he came to a green lane, which was closely shut in by tall evergreen trees, and which led to some portion of the Redmond estate remote from the mansion.

In this lane, which appeared seldom travelled, in a little dark nook, he found a horse and dogcart, the same he had employed to bring him from Steventon some hours before.

He untied the horse, mounted into the cart, and turning again into the public road, went bowling along upon his return to Steventon, his mind in a state of high satisfaction and self-approval.

"I'm a clever dog," he muttered, touching his horse with the whip. "By Jove! who could have foreseen the turn affairs would take? She believed me to be Philip—a thing I never looked for. It will go hard if this resemblance between Philip and me don't make my fortune! Pity it was a moonlight night! I must choose a dark night next time. As it was, Sir Hugh nearly winged me. It would make a sweet sensation if I, Piers Dalyell, were shot for a burglar!"

He laughed lightly, and again tapped his horse with the whip.

"Odd," he remarked, with a thoughtful face, "that Sir Hugh occupied rooms above those of his wife! Odd that they should not be together at that hour! Something is wrong at Redmond Hall. I really believe that the girl is puritanical enough to compel Sir Hugh to occupy separate rooms, since she believes Philip Ryve to be living! If that is the case, I can visit her at will, and make my demands upon her purse. I said some things to her at the last about wifely duties, and so on, that will be sure to rankle in her sensitive conscience! Who knows but she may deem it her duty to give up Sir Hugh and come to me?"

He meditated at some length upon his interview with Diana.

"I shall bring about a separation between her and Sir Hugh!" he thought. "I shall urge my prior claims upon her—ha, ha! And I will persuade her to marry me over again—that is, marry me, thinking that she is marrying Philip Ryve a second time."

What a head I have for scheming! A little patience, a little finesse, and I shall walk straight into the Thorncombe wealth!"

He arrived at Steventon and proceeded to a quiet inn, where he registered his name as P. Ryve. He remained here during the few hours that intervened before daybreak. By the first train in the morning he returned to London and to Thorncombe House.

The earl was still in town, absorbed in a search for Mrs. Flint, and for his grand-daughter.

Some two weeks had passed since the night upon which Dalyell had taken Lord Thorncombe to Bingley's Music Hall, to see Mademoiselle Zoe, since his lordship's interview with Mrs. Flint, and since the sailing of the "Childeric" with her passengers for Australia.

Mr. Keene had employed those two weeks in a thorough search for the two women, but had failed to discover any clue to their whereabouts. The lodging-house keeper at Camberwell Road told the lawyer that Mrs. Flint's nephew had come for her, persuading her to return with him to the West End so that she might be near him, that he had fetched a cab from some distant quarter, and taken her and her daughter, with their luggage, away with him.

"We are going to Essex to-day, Dalyell," said the earl, as the three seated themselves at the table. "Mr. Keene is ordered into the country for a fortnight, and will spend his vacation at the Manor. Thorncombe House will be left in charge of the housekeeper and one servant. London is dull at present. The Row seems deserted. Won't you go down to the Manor with us?"

"I should be delighted to go," said Dalyell. "But I cannot go on such short notice. I have an engagement or two on hand. If you please, I will run down after you in a day or two."

The butler and his aids had quitted the room, after having served the various viands, and there was nothing to prevent conversation upon private subjects.

"It was to Mr. Dalyell," observed Mr. Keene, "that your lordship owed the interview you obtained with Mrs. Flint. It was Mr. Dalyell who took you to Bingley's Music Hall, under the impression that you would find in Mademoiselle Zoe your lordship's grand-daughter. Mr. Dalyell seems to have been more successful in his search than I. Perhaps he might be able to throw some light upon the disappearance of Mrs. Flint and the girl Lolette."

The lawyer regarded the young man keenly. Dalyell shook his head regretfully, and toyed with his coffee-spoon, as he answered:

"I am very sorry, but my search for them has been as unsuccessful as your own, sir. I blame myself that I did not put a watch upon the lodging-house that night after Lord Thorncombe and I visited it. But the earl and I were completely overwhelmed at the turn affairs had taken. The old woman declared Lolette to be Blanche Berwyn. Then, when Lord Thorncombe, incredulous, refused to acknowledge the girl, and performed his little coup de theatre by pushing up her sleeve and finding no birthmark there, the woman fell on her knees confessing an attempted fraud, and the girl went into a fit; and in the mêlée I must have lost the few wisps which Nature endowed me. At any rate, my only idea was to get out of that horrible scene. And from that night I haven't set eyes upon either of the pair!"

Mr. Keene had watched Dalyell very narrowly. He had long known that the schemer had indulged in expectations of becoming the earl's heir. He knew that the earl had at one time serious thoughts of devising his wealth to Dalyell in case of a failure of his own line of succession. He believed Dalyell to be unscrupulous, ambitious, and unprincipled. It occurred to him now that if he had watched Dalyell's movements more the time thus employed would not have been thrown away.

"Singular he should have frequented Bingley's Music Hall and become acquainted with Mademoiselle Zoe, without suspecting that she was one of those two children brought by Mrs. Ryan from Australia," he thought. "The story strikes me as queer. I wish I knew Dalyell better. I believe I'll make a study of him!"

And Dalyell comprehended the working of Mr. Keene's mind as well as if the lawyer had spoken aloud. The schemer was a good judge of countenances, and could read expression very nearly as well as an open book. A smile curled his lips under his moustache. Mr. Keene would be quite welcome to all he could learn about him.

After breakfast the three gentlemen repaired to the morning-room.

Thorncombe House contained upon its first floor a wide central hall, with spacious rooms upon either side of it. The drawing-room was thus at one side of the hall, the morning-room and library at the other.

The earl seated himself near the fire, for there was a chill in the air upon this first day of November,

and settled himself to the perusal of one of the morning newspapers.

Mr. Keene sat at a window overlooking the street, finding pleasure in watching passing cabs and pedestrians.

Dalyell took a seat at a small table, and also took up a newspaper.

"The train leaves at twelve," observed the earl, looking up, with a glance at the lawyer. "Make yourself comfortable, Mr. Keene. We have nearly two hours yet on our hands."

His lordship resumed his paper, and the lawyer continued his studies of passers-by.

There was a long silence, broken only by the rustling of the newspapers, the dropping of a coal from the grate, and the ticking of the little Savres clock on the mantelpiece.

Suddenly Mr. Keene's voice broke the stillness.

"I have been watching for several minutes a young woman who stands on the opposite side of the street," he observed. "An odd-looking young woman. She seems to fancy herself unseen, and appears to be watching this house. She is certainly a very curious study."

"A young woman?" said the earl, looking over the top of his paper.

"Yes; a person with red cheeks and a very bold face—her veil is thrown back. She seems to be expecting some one to emerge from this very house."

Dalyell arose and sauntered to the window. Upon the opposite side of the street a young woman, shabbily dressed in a gaudy silk and a faded velvet jacket, was walking slowly up and down, her gaze fixed upon Thorncombe House.

And with a sudden sinking at his heart Dalyell recognized her as the woman he believed to be far out upon the ocean on her way to Australia—the woman he had married—Lolette!

(To be continued.)

## A NIGHT OF TERROR.

THIS NIGHT, which will dwell in my memory with vivid distinctness while life and reason are left to me, was in October a long while ago. I was at that time a telegraph operator, stationed in a little Canadian town upon the Grand Trunk line of railroad.

Myne was by no means a model place of residence. There were beer gardens, drinking saloons, and gambling-houses, out of all proportion to the more respectable shops and residences; we had two arrests of counterfeiters, and there was scarcely a day passed that there was not a brawl amongst the ruffians around us. Still, there was a school, and a timid, blue-eyed woman had come to teach there.

How long an unprotected woman might have lived there, I can only guess, for Alice Holt had been there but three months when she consented to walk into church with me one day, and walk out my wife. This was in July, and we had occupied a pretty cottage nearly a quarter of a mile from the telegraph office since our marriage.

Being the only man employed in the telegraphic business in the town, I was obliged to remain constantly in the office during the day and part of the evening, and Alice herself brought me my dinner and supper.

There was a small room next the office, with a window, but only one door, communicating with the larger room. Here Alice had fitted up a dressing-table, and mirror, a wash-stand, and some shelves, where she kept pepper, salt and pickles for my office repasts. The two rooms were on the second floor of a wooden building, that stood alone.

With this necessary introduction I come to the story of that October night, and the part my blue-eyed Alice, only eighteen, and afraid of her own shadow, played in it.

I was in the office at about half-past seven o'clock, when one of the railway officials came in, all flurried, saying:

"Stirling have you been over to the embankment on the road to-day?"

The embankment was not a quarter of a mile from the office, on the east side.

"No; I have not."

"It was a special Providence took me there, then. One of the great masses of rock has rolled down directly across the track. It will be as dark as a wolf's mouth to-night, and if the midnight up train comes without warning there will be a horrible smash-up."

"It must stop at Postville, then," I replied. "I will send a message."

"Yes. That is what I stepped in for. The down track is clear, so you need not stop that train."

"All right, sir."

I was standing at the door, seeing my caller down

the rickety staircase, when Alice came up with my supper. It was hot and I was cold, so I drew up a table, and opening can and basket, sat down to enjoy it. Time enough for business, I thought, afterwards.

As I ate we chatted,

"Any messages to-day?" my wife asked.

"One for John Martin."

"John Martin!" Alice cried; "the greatest ruffian in the neighbourhood. What was the message?"

"Midnight train?"

"Was that all?"

"That was all. Mr. Hill had just been in here to tell me there is a huge rock across the track at the embankment, so I shall stop the midnight train at Postville. The passengers must wait a few hours there and come on in the morning, after the track is cleared."

"Have you sent the message, Robert?"

"Not yet. There is plenty of time. That train does not reach Postville till 11.30, and it is not yet eight. Yes—it is just striking."

"Better send it, Robert. If there should be an accident you would never forgive yourself. Send it, while I put some clean towels in the wash-room, and then I will come and sit with you till you can come home."

She went into the dressing-room as she spoke, taking no light, but depending upon the caudles burning in the office. I was rising from my seat to send the telegram, when the door opened, and four of the worst characters in the town, led by John Martin, entered the room. Before I could speak two threw me back in my chair, one held a revolver to my head, and John Martin spoke:

"Mr. Hill was here to tell you to stop the up train. You will not stop that train—put there for that purpose. There is fifty thousand in gold in the train. Do you understand?"

"You would risk all the lives in the train to rob it?" I cried, horror-struck.

"Exactly!" was the cool reply. "One-fifth is yours if you keep back the message. The money has been watched all the way along!"

I saw the whole diabolical scheme at once. If the train came, it would be thrown off at the embankment, and easily plundered by the villains who would lie in wait there.

"Come," Martin said, "will you join us?"

"Never!" I cried, indignantly.

"We must force you, then. Tie him fast!"

I trembled for Alice. If only my life were at stake I could have borne it better. But even if we were both murdered, I could not take the blood of the passengers in the train upon my head. Not a sound came from the little room as I was tied, hand and foot, to my chair, bound so securely that I could not move. It was proposed to gag me, but finally concluded that my cries, if I made any, could not be heard, and a handkerchief was bound over my mouth.

The door of the wash-room was closed and locked, Alice still undiscovered, then the light was blown out, and the ruffians left me, locking the door after them.

There was a long silence. Outside I could hear the step of one of the men pacing up and down, watching. I rubbed my head against the wall behind me, and succeeded in getting the handkerchief off my mouth, to fall around my neck.

I had scarcely accomplished this when there was a tap on the inner door.

"Robert," Alice said.

"Yes, love! Speak low, there is a man under my window."

"Are you alone in the room?"

"Yes, dear."

"I am going to Postville. There is no man under my window, and I can get out there. I have six long roller-towels here, knotted together, and I have cut my white skirt into wide strips to join them. The rope made so reaches nearly to the ground. I shall fasten it to the door-knob and let myself down. It will not take long to reach home, saddle Selim, and reach Postville in time. Don't fear for me. When you hear a hen cackling under my window you will know I am safely on the ground."

Little Alice! My heart throbbed heavily as I heard her heroic proposal, but I dared not stop her.

"Heaven bless and protect you," I said, and listened for her signal. Soon the cackling noise told me the first step of her perilous undertaking was taken.

It was dark, cloudy, and threatening a storm, and, as nearly as I could guess, close upon nine o'clock. She had to go six miles, and I could only wait and pray. I was too much stunned even yet to realize the heroism of this timid woman, starting alone upon the dark ride, through a wild country with a storm threatening.

Nine o'clock! As the bell of the church clock ceased to strike a rumble, a flash, told me a thunder storm was coming rapidly. Oh, the long, long minutes of the next hour.

Ten o'clock. The rain falling in torrents, the thunder pealing, lightning flashes! Alice was so afraid of lightning! Often I had held her, white as death, trembling, almost fainting, in such a storm as this. Had she feared to start, with the storm in prospect, or was she lying somewhere on the wild road, overcome by terror, or perhaps stricken by lightning?

Eleven o'clock. The storm was over, though still the night was inky black—no sound to cheer me, none to make the hideous suspense more endurable. A host of possibilities, like frightful nightmares, chased one another through my tortured brain.

Would the next hour never pass? Once the clock tolled midnight all was safe.

I was drenched with perspiration wrung from me by mental agony one hour, chilled with horror the next. No words can describe the misery of waiting as the minutes dragged slowly along. In the dead silence, a far off sound struck a thrill of horror to my heart, far exceeding even the previous agony. Far, far away a faint whistle came through the night air. Nearer and nearer, then the distant rumble of the train growing more and more distinct.

The midnight up-train was coming swiftly, surely, to certain destruction! Where was my wife? Had the ruffians intercepted her at the cottage? Was she lying dead somewhere upon the wild road? Her heroism was of no avail, but was her life saved? In the agony of that question the approaching rumble of the train was partially lost; far more did I feel the bitterness of Alice dead than the horror of the doomed lives the train carried. Why had I let her start upon her mad errand?

I tried to move. I writhed in impotent fury upon my chair, forcing the cruel cords to tear my flesh as I vainly tried to loosen even one hand.

The heavy train rumbled past the telegraph office. It was an express train and did not stop at my station; but as I listened, every sense sharpened by my mental torture, it seemed to me that the speed slackened. Listening intently, I knew that it stopped at the embankment, as nearly as I could judge. Not with the sickening crash I expected, not preceding wails and groans from the injured passengers, but gradually and carefully. A moment more and I heard shouts, the crack of firearms, sounds of some conflict.

What could it all mean? The minutes were hours, till I heard a key turn in the door of my prison, and a moment later two tender arms were round my neck, and Alice was whispering in my ear:

"They will come in a few minutes, love, to set you free! The villains left the key in the door! I thought of that before I started, but there was a man at the front watching. I crept round the house, and I saw him, so I did not dare to be seen."

"But have you been to Postville?"

"Yes, dear."

"In all that storm?"

"Selim seemed to understand. He carried me swiftly and surely. I was well wrapped in my waterproof cloak and hood. When I reached Postville the train had not come up."

"But it is here?"

"Only the locomotive and one carriage. In that carriage were a sheriff, deputy sheriff, and twenty men armed to the teeth, to capture the gang at the embankment. I came, too, and they lowered me from the platform when the speed slackened, so that I could run here and tell you all was safe!"

While we spoke my wife's fingers had first untied the handkerchief around my neck, and then, in the dark, found some of the knots of the cords binding me. But I was still tied fast and strong, when there was a rush of many feet upon the staircase, and in another moment light and joyful voices.

"We've captured the whole nine!" was the good news. "Three, including John Martin, are desperately wounded, but the surprise was perfect! Now, old fellow, for you!"

A dozen clasp knives at once severed my bonds, and a dozen hands were extended in greeting.

As for the praises showered upon my plucky little wife it would require a volume to tell half of them.

The would-be assassins and robbers were sent for trial, and would have escaped had not John Martin, on his death-bed, turned Queen's evidence. His ante-mortem testimony sent the survivors to penal servitude.

Alice and I left for a more civilized community

the following year. But before we went there was an invitation sent to us to meet a committee from the railroad company at Postville. We accepted; had a dinner, were toasted and complimented, and then Alice was presented with a silver tea-service, as a testimonial from the passengers upon that threatened down-train, the company, and railroad directors, in token of their gratitude for the lives and property saved by her heroism.

A. S.

### CRUELLY DECEIVED.

It was almost a case of "love at first sight" with Harry McArthur and May Carroll. They had met in Paris, and a mutual friendship springing up between their respective parties they had united forces. They had had a jolly time, and not "doing the Continent," in any conventional style they had stabled upon all sorts of delightful, out-of-the-way places. McArthur was fascinated with May from the first; her grace, her piquancy, the purity of character looking out of her blue eyes, had won him irresistibly. He had made desperate love to her among the Swiss mountains, in the shadows of the gloomy crags, and by the mysterious glaciers; and she had not been unmoved by all this. She thought very kindly of the dark-eyed, handsome stranger, who, though courted and sought by others, only seemed to care for her and paid her that tender deference so delightful to women. But it would not do to be too precipitate, she did not care to be so lightly won; certainly he was unexceptionable. Papa had had a business acquaintance with him for years, but she had only known him a few months. When they should return to England it would be time enough to think of the matter seriously; besides she was very young and he was ever so many years older than herself.

So time slipped on pleasantly, with expeditions here and there among the mountains, until there came one of those national gala-days so dear to the heart of the Swiss. The little hamlet where our party were temporarily quartered was overflowing with life and merriment. There were little booths fitted up with refreshments, and rustic seats scattered about the green. Everybody was out enjoying the fun. There were processions and music and dancing; and May laughed herself faint at the mountebank tricks and extravagant abandon of the masqueraders. At last papa and mamma Carroll and herself were quietly eating loss under the trees. Mr. McArthur had just been claimed by some old friends, a newly arrived party. He sat conversing with them at a little distance. Suddenly May heard these words:

"Haw, did you secure that portrait of your wife's, in Rome? It is a most magnificent thing."

"Yes," he answered; "in fact, I have already sent it home."

"It is so like what she was six years ago," continued the lady, "the same beautiful dark eyes and pensive air. I knew you would spare no pains to obtain it when you had once seen it."

May heard no more. A thousand bells seemed ringing in her ears. It seemed as if her head would burst.

"Oh, do let us go, mamma!" she cried. "How horrible all this is!"

"Horrible!" echoed unconscious papa and mamma, "we thought you were pleased."

"Pleased!" repeated she, contemptuously, "I am distracted with the disgusting music and the hideous buffoonery. Do let us go away from these terrible ragamuffins!"

So papa and mamma, who always deferred to her in everything, consented, and they beat a hasty retreat, unnoticed in the crowd.

May hurried to her own room, and locked and bolted the door.

"To think I should be so demeaned and insulted!" she sobbed, pacing up and down the length of the little apartment; "married, and dare to talk to me as he has; and, Heaven help me, I loved him! Yes, shame on me! I love him more than ever now I know it is hopeless, and that he is a heartless knave!"

So she raved to herself, but never a word to anyone else; though it might have spared her much distress if she had only known it. She did not leave her room that evening, and next morning she refused to see anyone. Presently her father brought a proposition of McArthur's. He and his friends were going to visit the Mer de Glace.

"Everybody should see it, would they not go?"

May vetoed it; she "was not able to go on account of looking at glaciers," she said. So the obedient parents excused themselves. May was the only child, and had always been a little empress, but never quite so imperious before. When the party were well off she called a council.

"I want to go home," she said. "I am tired of it all!"

"What, tired of Switzerland?" they asked, in surprise; "then let us go somewhere else."

"Yes, let us go home," she assented.

"What, and she hadn't seen Naples, or Venice, or Athens yet, and they had planned to spend the winter in Rome!"

"Well, she didn't want to see them; it was all a worry and a bore. As for Rome, with its ghastly statuary and smoky old pictures, she wouldn't go there for the world; and Venice, a nasty city, with canals for streets! Oh, papa, let's go home!"

So it was settled; they had come for her sake and for her they would return.

Then she brightened up.

"They would go," she said, "before the rest came back; it would save a world of bother and those tiresome adieux. They would leave their regrets and farewells just the same."

And the indulgent parents wondered a little, but complied.

So all transpired as she had planned, and in due time they were comfortably at home in their own quiet country house.

Then the poor girl felt that she could take breath; but the roses faded from her cheeks, and she grew quite different from the vivacious girl whose laugh had awakened the echoes of the Alpine glades.

When autumn came she would not hear of going to town; she felt that she could not see people, and dance and flirt, and make believe she was happy, besides, who could tell? She might meet him there, and she was sure that would quite kill her. No, she begged off from going to town on one pretext and another. So papa, really anxious about her, said they must do something beside maps there.

"Would she go to Paris?"

"No," she "didn't want to go there." She knew Mr. McArthur sometimes stayed in Paris; they might stumble upon him, she thought.

"I have it!" cried Mr. Carroll. "We'll go to Cornwall."

May received a spark of animation, and went about the preparations with something of her old spirit, and in a month they were off for the Land's End.

After all, we need not go abroad for the grandest natural scenery in the world. Even May became interested in the wonderful coast, as she stood one day in rapt contemplation.

Turning suddenly she found herself face to face with Harry McArthur. He was extending his hand with a glad exclamation. She drew herself up and bowed coolly.

"I am so glad to meet you," he said—"here of all places."

"Thank you," she answered; "you honour me; but let us find papa and mamma. You would like to see them."

"I have just left them," he hurried to say, "they have just finished their lunch. They sent me off here to find you."

"I am sure I am much obliged to them," said May, haughtily, then hesitated a moment and burst into tears.

He was shocked at her grief and at the pale face, grown spirituelle with suffering, at the little hands, thin and blue-veined, and the figure, slighter and more fragile than he had known. His heart ached with a yearning to comfort her, and he felt in some way blindly responsible for her sorrow.

"What is it? Have I wounded you?" he asked, softly.

"Why are you so strange? Why did you run away from me, in Switzerland? Oh, darling, do you dream how I have loved you, how I have longed for you, and come to seek you here?"

She lifted her head and her whole frame quivered with rage and insulted dignity.

"How dare you say such things to me?" she hissed. "Is it not enough that you have deceived me, bowed me down with shame and agony! Oh, what have I ever done to you, a poor, weak girl, that you should seek to crush me so?" and she broke down again.

"Explain yourself," he ejaculated, pale with excitement.

She did not heed his entreaty, but, commanding herself with an effort, continued:

"If it had not been that I fortunately overheard a conversation between yourself and your friend, I tremble at the depths of the humiliation I should have found, to be the jeer and laughing-stock of society, pointed at as the girl so easily duped, only that you might enjoy your little flirtation, have a summer pastime, and a fresh joke to tell your friends over the wine!" Then followed the story of the picture, and, quite losing herself in her indignation, May turned to go.

Harry McArthur was very pale.

"Stop, Miss Carroll," he said. "I have done very wrong." She flashed her angry eyes at him as if she was aware of that. "I was married five years ago," he continued, "to a lovely girl, who only lived a few months after. I had hardly learned to

look upon myself as a married man when I was again alone. I met you and I loved you as I never loved a woman before. I should have told you all this then. I meant to do so, but put it off. You were so young, so childlike, I feared its effect upon you. I longed so for your love, I wished to make sure of it before you knew I had ever cared for another. I persuaded myself there would be no harm in that. It was very wrong, but I never dreamed of this; and, oh, I loved you so! Can you forgive me?"

Could she forgive him? Did she not forgive him, clasped closely to his heart, with warm kisses raining on her lips and eyes?

So it was quite another girl that came back with her lover, and threw herself in her parents' arms, laughing, blushing, and weeping all at once; but Harry was quite equal to all the explanations, and the old people were delighted to see their darling happy again. The rest of that tour was a charming poem, a delightful dream; and a joyful wedding followed the arrival at home.

M. L. C.

### SCIENCE.

**GERMAN FISH IN AMERICAN WATERS.**—Although the efforts to import shad eggs from America to Germany have thus far proved unsuccessful, such has not been the case with the attempts to transport German fish thither. The North German Lloyd's steamer "Hermann" recently brought to port sixty carp and forty golden tench in fine condition, only one fish having died on the voyage. The travellers were met at the wharf by Professor Baird, of the United States Fish Commission, who placed them in tanks of fresh water and sent them to Druid Hill Park, in Baltimore, Maryland, where they now are. The fish are mostly yearlings, and it is intended to keep them in their present location, and using them for breeding and then distributing them throughout the warmer waters of the Southern States. The experiment is one which pisciculturists are watching with the keenest interest, since the carp, especially is a very valuable fish for the table. The first distribution will be made, it is expected, in about a year.

**THE TREATMENT OF HYDROPHOBIA.**—A French journal relates that a man, forty-three years of age, having been bitten by a mad dog, was cauterized with a red-hot iron four hours later. A month passed without any distressing symptoms, but at the end of that time he began to complain of epigastric and pharyngeal constriction, and was very much cast down. Recourse was had to chloral at doses of about sixty grains, which succeeded twice in affording a good night's rest; but the third time it remained without effect. The patient experienced great anguish; his voice was hoarse; he had tetanic contractions in the arms, neck, and breast, and expressed great fear, accompanied with hallucinations. In the morning he was utterly discouraged. They then administered sixty grains of bromide of potassium, which gave a quiet night, with a great improvement on the following day. Another dose of about seventy-five grains was given with equal success; all convulsive motions had disappeared. The medicine being suppressed, the convulsions began a week later, when bromide was again administered to the amount of about ninety grains, which completed the cure.

**DIETETIC EFFECTS OF WATER.**—Certain experiments made by a French savant, with a view of ascertaining how far the phosphate of lime in bone may be replaced by other phosphates have been used by Mr. W. J. Cooper to illustrate how profoundly the bodies of animals are influenced by the waters they drink. This is an aspect of the water question which will be new to most people; but there is no doubt that the composition of the body is materially influenced by the mineral constituents of the fluids we habitually drink. The active effects of several mineral waters upon the functions are well known; it is not so generally known that water from artesian wells, so pure from organic pollution, sometimes contains sulphate of magnesia and other salts to such a degree as to be positively injurious. On the other hand, in some districts in Holland where there is only rain water to be obtained for drinking purposes, softening and distortion of the bones are frequent. That, as shown by the experiments referred to by Mr. Cooper, the use of natural waters may tend to alter the structure of our bodies, introduces another element into the much vexed question as to the proper source whence to draw the supplies of potable water for towns, by showing that the inorganic impurities of water are of more importance to health than they have been usually considered; while it lends support to the opinion that the same conditions have something to do with the goitre and other glandular affections endemic over certain regions.



[GOING TO WORK.]

## MYSIE'S FORTUNE.

In a cheerless room, low ceiled and scantily furnished, sat an old woman leaning over the fire. She was engaged in making some toast, which operation she performed with extreme care. Every few moments she would turn round and look at the clock on the table at the side of the room, then glance at a small recess in the opposite corner, in which stood a bed, whereon a girl slept heavily.

"Poor motherless darling," murmured the aged woman, desisting from her occupation, and, placing the plate of toast on the table, she drew the latter up to the fire. It was a dark morning; the rain had been driving all night, and the wind howled mournfully; the ceiling of the room leaked, and on one side the heavy drops fell, with a steady "tap, tap, tap," to the floor.

Breakfast was ready—a plain, poor meal enough—and the old dame called her charge, who was hard to rouse.

"Mysie," she cried, at last, louder than before, "wake up, child; it's past four, and here's your breakfast ready. By the time you've eaten it, it will be time for you to go."

The sleeper opened her weary eyes and raised herself on her elbow.

"Must I get up now?" she cried, plaintively. "My eyes are heavy, and I'm so tired," and the pretty face, round which the bright locks fell uncombed, looked up languidly. "Indeed I can't wake up."

"I thought so," said the old woman. "You said 'Call me at four, Mrs. Marsh, for we must be there by five without fail;' so I have only done as you told me to do."

"Oh, yes—I'd forgotten all about my new place! I'm wide awake now—I'll be ready in a minute;" and the words ended in a sigh.

"Well, here's your breakfast—only think, I've made you some nice toast, for it seems to me that you'll starve if you don't eat more than you have done lately."

"Oh, indeed I can't eat," said the girl, and the delicate lips trembled. "I wish I could; but somehow I've had no appetite lately. I think I'll take some luncheon with me, and perhaps by noon I shall be hungry. It is very kind of you to give me such a nice breakfast I'm sure."

"There, don't say a word about that, child. I'm sure ever since I saw your poor mother die I've been bound to take what little care I could of you. It isn't much, to be sure; but if I could only see you well, that is all I should care for."

"Oh, I shall be well enough soon," said the girl, smiling as she spoke, and rising wearily from her chair.

Slowly she placed about her shoulders a much faded woollen shawl, put on a bonnet also much the worse for wear, and ventured out into the cheerless street.

The splendid houses she passed seemed less imposing through the driving mists. Street after street, corner after corner, Mysie hurried past, goaded by her sad thoughts, for she was young, poor thing, only sixteen, to work so hard for her living.

The market men were slowly wending their way, sleepy and yawning, and here and there a servant came out of one of the handsome houses, and lounged on the door steps.

"They who live here do not toil," said Mysie, sorrowfully. "How strange that life should be so full of joy for some, so brimming with woe for others!"

Little she knew that earthly joys bear no flowers thornless.

On she went till she came to an imposing establish-

ment, where, when the shutters were taken down, were exposed to view patterns of gorgeous waists and sleeves, brilliant in red and green and yellow, while a wooden figure was set revolving, in order to show off a skirt covered with flounces—and bodices, capes, fashion plates, and patterns of rich silks were displayed to every possible advantage.

Passing in by a side door, that had years before been painted green, but had faded into an uncertain colour of no decided tint, the pale girl mounted three flights of stairs, fearing at every step that she was already too late.

It was yet early, however.

Miss Sharpe, a tall acid maiden, who ordered as she was ordered, drove as she was driven, met her with a grim smile.

Her shining scissors hung by a long steel chain to her side, a black velvet pin-cushion appeared conspicuously near her belt-clasp. Her hair was drawn back tightly, ornamented only by a band of narrow red velvet, so near the colour of her hair as to suggest many a glancing smile.

"Come, come, work is all ready, Nancy Withers. What is the matter—toothache, eh? well, work'll cure it. Jonny Griffin, you're to take the crimson velvet body—Mary Clarke, you the sleeves. Miss Mysie, there's a breadth to embroider in green and red, and a white satin band. The clock is striking—come, quick!"

"How sharp she is," giggled one of the girls, a pun she invariably repeated whenever the spinster spoke with energy.

As for Mysie, she sat down to her task with dislike, beautiful as it was.

She liked the work; but stitching for ever or producing silky flowers on the detested surface from hour to hour, and from day to day, makes the most enthusiastic grow weary and dissatisfied.

One would tire of plum pudding if it were the unvarying everyday fare.

Besides, Mysie's eyes were extremely sensitive; fine work hurt them and caused headache. Still there was no alternative.

Her pittance must be earned, for at a very low price had she consented to toil if they would only take her.

Perhaps Miss Sharpe or her employer thought that the pleasure of working in such brilliant colour was enough compensation for any trifling trouble to her eyes; perhaps she didn't think anything about it—most likely the latter was the fact, for Miss Sharpe had no soul above her work.

She had been drilled till she had become a perfect machine.

It was the busy season, and the girls were severely taxed—many of them had gone home ill—and others who came were hardly fit to work. Hollow eyes, white lips, and attenuated forms were there in plenty, and, in spite of the wearing labour, trying to look healthy and comparatively happy.

There are light hearts that no toil can break down—there are birds that sing in the snow.

Many of them sat in unnatural positions, telling of the loss of physical strength and constant pain in some vital part of the system; some bent over the fine fabrics with chests that were hollow and consumptive figures, while silks passed through their hands that were to adorn the wealthy, the healthy and beautiful on the occasion of some splendid festival, and nearly all the girls present had that painful intensity of vision that calls forth sympathy wherever it is seen.

Mysie sat in the midst of a lively group.

"This satin is for Miss Helen Willis, daughter of the rich banker," said one; "she's to marry a millionaire—and they do say he is splendidly handsome. Shouldn't I like to be Miss Willis myself!"

"I should rather be Rachel Rauleigh, the Jew's daughter. Her father has heaps of diamonds, and there's no end to the property that's to come to her by-and-bye. Who would you rather be, Mysie Morse?"

"I don't know," said Mysie, languidly; "none of those great people, I believe, although it must be delightful to have plenty of money, attention, and all that sort of thing."

"Mysie Morse has such extremely refined and quiet tastes!" sneered one of the employées, who had never liked the gentle girl.

"I know one thing she don't do," said another, in a sharper voice; "she don't pass a certain house every day to see if she can see somebody who smiled at her once—probably in ridicule."

"Silence, Norah Miles!" exclaimed the young girl, whose imprudence was thus pointedly indicated.

"Young women, if you can't talk without quarrelling, you had better hold your tongues," said Miss Sharpe, and her steel chain rattled as she spoke.

"I know just what would suit Mysie Morse," murmured a sweet-faced girl, who was laboriously beating—"a nice little house away in the country, where she could go out of mornings and enjoy the scent of clover. We've got a nice little place twenty miles off, and I wonder I ever came here. I get homesick sometimes, thinking of the cows and chickens—but, there! I wanted to earn some money, and, at any rate, I have got a nice home to go to," she said, smiling to herself, as if in fancy she saw the old red cottage.

"She'd better scrape acquaintance with some of the market boys, then," said a new-comer, an awkward, fresh-looking girl. "She'd have fine times with them slender hands making butter and cheese, milking cows and seeing to dairy-work and cooking. Wouldn't she wish herself back here, though!"

Mysie put her hand to her side involuntarily. The very mention of sweet country air, clover and all that, made the pain harder to bear.

"Yes," she thought to herself, so eagerly, "I would marry the poorest farmer to-morrow, provided I could love him, and leave this miserable, endless sewing and embroidery, gladly, oh! how gladly!"

At that moment some one called Miss Sharpe. She did not return for some minutes, and then she was accompanied by a tall, nobly handsome man with the air and mien of a gentleman, who gazed round him perfectly at his ease.

Of course the young ladies looked their best—smiles and simpers went freely round, and attitudes were improved—while whispers and side-glances were busily interchanged.

The young man seemed to view the scene with a good deal of interest, as he proceeded with his interview with Miss Sharpe, who had laid aside her acid business face for the time.

Mysie, who had once or twice raised her eyes, remarked to herself that she had never seen a finer-looking man, she even noted the wavy curl of his chestnut hair and the glance, combining sweetness and strength, of his large gray eyes. Perhaps she vaguely wondered what he could want of Miss Sharpe. But still she worked steadily on.

Some ten minutes elapsed; the stranger had gone and the dull uniformity went on, only varied by an occasional question, for the girls were all tired.

Scarcely stopping long enough to eat her unpalatable lunch, Mysie Morse toiled on, drawing her needle steadily in and out, selecting this colour and that shade, till all tints and colours seemed to mingle in one uniform shade of gray—till she was almost worn out with weariness.

The girls, however, were not allowed to stop till candle-light—many were required to stay in the evening—the embroidery-workers only till the light faded out.

Mysie had never felt so thoroughly exhausted. Her arms were almost numb as she tied the strings of her old bonnet, her fingers felt as if there were needles in their tips, her head ached, her eyes were dry and tingling.

Oh, if she could but have thrown herself upon some kind, motherly bosom to enjoy the luxury of a good cry; but that could never be, however, poor, pale, tired little Mysie was motherless.

Neither father, sister, nor brother had she to help or to love her.

The good creature with whom she lived had once been a servant in her father's house, and though she was very kind her nature was too inherently coarse to allow of her being the companion Mysie needed.

It was not quite dark in the street, but Mysie brushed the tears away and wondered what made her sight so dim. She could scarcely see the face of the old clock over the jeweller's shop door—some way the blood tingled strangely in her temples, and it seemed as if the tumult of bells rang in her ears, though with a far-off sound.

"If I only could reach home," she thought, "before I fall," for her feet seemed to fail her; and clapping her hands over her forehead the overworked girl staggered forward and fainted.

When she recovered she found herself extended upon a lounge in what appeared to be some office; and on moving a little a low, rich voice said softly:

"Ah! I see you feel better."

Looking up, half-pleased, half-terrified, she was startled to see the tall, stately stranger, who had that afternoon held an interview with Miss Sharpe.

"How do you feel now?"

"Oh, better, thank you, much better. I am only sorry to have made so much trouble—I never fainted before in my life. I worked too steadily I suppose."

She had lifted herself, and now sat wearily leaning against the lounge.

The colour forced to her cheeks by agitation made her seem wondrously beautiful. Her luxuriant golden tresses had fallen down, she tried to gather

them in her trembling fingers, but those weak little ministers refused to obey her will.

"Mrs. Norris!" called the gentleman, as he saw how powerless she still seemed, and a tall, benevolent-looking old lady came from another room, and seeing Mysie's situation, gathered the soft masses up quietly and bound them.

"Shall I send in the tea and toast?" she asked.

And before Mysie had time to protest a little table was drawn before her, and tea of fine flavour, richly tinted with cream, stood before her, so different from that she had tried to swallow in the morning.

"My carriage is at the door," said the stranger as she seemed refreshed and quite herself; "if you will trust yourself with me I will see you safely home; I shall not let you walk. If I remember faces I think I saw yours in the establishment where I talked with Miss Sharpe to-day."

Mysie blushed—not with shame that she had been recognized as a sewing girl, but with pleasure, for at this moment the gentleman appeared absolutely like an angel of mercy with his guarding care and pleasant eyes and smile.

Could it be possible that out of all those countenances he remembered hers? Had her white, thin face attractions after all for such as he?

No, no! she was vain, foolish to think so; his eye had been arrested by the bright colours she used, that was all.

Quietly, and with a dignity all her own, she allowed him to lead her to the carriage, and in a few moments they were set down at the very humble tenement where Mysie lived.

"A fair creature," murmured the young man to himself, "a sweet flower blooming in the midst of this wilderness of brick; I must see more of her. I knew she must be superior to her circumstances when I first saw her to-day. She has been better off; there's a certain elegance of motion, a repose of manner, that indicates innate refinement. Yes, yes, I must see more of her."

And did little Mysie dream of the stranger?

Whether she did or not, a wondrous pleasure bloomed in her heart at the mere thought of him. The next evening, though she had worked as closely at her task as before, she hardly felt weary.

She had a hope now, though she scarcely whispered to herself what that hope was—enough that it strengthened and blessed her.

The next night he came, to the no small wonderment of the good woman who kept the poor place. The old room, with its faded carpet, faded rug, faded chairs, faded everything, was a palace brightened up by Mysie's bright, happy face and the presence of the handsome gentleman.

"What a beautiful young man he is, to be sure!" said the good dame. "I'm sure he's been well learnt; and how splendid he did talk about the country! I should think he's a born farmer notwithstanding all his high ways. How I'd like to live on a farm of his management! I did dairy work long enough before I was as old as you, Miss Mysie—many's the tired back-ache I've had over the press and the churn; but, mercy! why should I go to imagine him being a farmer?"

Mysie thought so too as with a smile on her lips she took her candle to retire.

I will not say what pleasant visions accompanied her to her resting-place; but a certain smile followed her—of that be sure.

Not long after this, one bright day when the sun shone goldenly in at Miss Sharpe's sewing-room, there was a great commotion among the young sewing girls there assembled.

Mr. Warner, who was known among the operatives as a very wealthy man, called on Miss Sharpe, and Mysie was all blushes when the latter, with a look and manner of sudden respect, came towards her, saying she could leave her work for that day if she wished, as Mr. Warner had called for her, having important news to communicate.

At this, Mysie grew pale again, but she quietly arose and as quickly laid aside her work, promising to return soon.

"I ain't so sure of that," said Miss Sharpe, smiling grimly; "maybe you'll find some other employment that'll suit you better."

Mysie looked up with wondering eyes.

"I don't understand you at all," she said.

"Perhaps not, just now," was the reply, with another grim smile, and Mysie was obliged to be satisfied.

Not so the girls, they had been speculating and wondering.

"She's not been getting them new things for nothing," said one, who felt a spite for the fair girl, though she could not have told why.

"I shouldn't wonder if he's fallen in love with her," exclaimed another. "But isn't he splendid? What in the world could he see in that pale little thing?"

Meantime the subject of these remarks walked quietly with her conductor, till they stopped before a handsome edifice.

"Miss Morse, this is my mother's home. Will you step in with me for a moment?"

She did not hesitate, for a sweet-faced old lady met her at the door and led her into a beautiful little parlour.

Mysie looked about her wondering, still in the dark.

"Miss Morse," said the young man, seating himself, "I am transacting a little business on behalf of my brother, who is at present an invalid. I believe I have some good news for you."

"Good news for me?" she repeated.

"Yes. In our last conversation you were kind enough to tell me something of your former life. Your uncle, in whose family you lived, died some years ago, and in consequence his family threw you out in the world, though they were not much reduced in circumstances."

"Yes, that is correct," said Mysie.

"You also stated that old Samuel Grosvenor was the only relative you had, if he was still living, that years ago he emigrated to Australia and you had heard from him but once or twice since."

"I did," said Mysie, suddenly growing pale.

"That Samuel Grosvenor is dead."

Again Mysie gave an inquiring glance.

"And has left to his sister, or sister's child or children, all his fortune."

Mysie drew a long breath.

A great weight seemed suddenly lifted from her heart.

"He has left property to the value of a million," said Mr. Warner, sententiously.

Mysie grew a little giddy.

She trembled excessively. It could not be for her, this great good news. She sank back quite overcome.

Mr. Warner bent over her.

"You're not going to faint again?" he said, smilingly.

"Oh, no! I don't feel like fainting," she whispered, "only it seems so strange that it should all be left to me—when there are my co-usins—"

"Who? treated you so shamefully!" he exclaimed.

"Well, we must not return evil for evil, you know," she replied.

"Of course not. But shall you divide with them?"

"No, I hope to find many more relatives besides—but, oh! are you sure?"

It was very hard to believe that she who for ten years had suffered one long, dreary siege of poverty and dependence—nay, wearisome drudgery—was now to be suddenly as rich as the wealthiest; the thought was overwhelming.

No wonder she asked again, a shade of doubt in her face:

"Are you sure?"

"Very sure, my little friend," he answered, looking down into her sweet face; "and I cannot tell you how glad I am, or how anxious I was to be the first to apprise you of your fortune. I felt that you, who had toiled so nobly, so uncomplainingly, deserved all the good gifts that fortune might shower upon you. Had that uncle whose family have treated you with so much unkindness lived, possibly the money might have reverted to him. Now I have only to add," he continued, in his winning way, as his mother left the room to order refreshments, "that you will quite forget your friends in your new-found honours; perhaps I may include myself when I speak thus."

"Forget you!" cried Mysie, impulsively.

The emphasis was sufficient.

There was no need of the eloquent glance, the smile, the confusion.

She had in that little sentence unconsciously laid bare all the love, all the trust, all the confiding ingenuousness of her innocent heart, but he did not take undue advantage of her candour.

"I am a man of plain tastes," said he, taking one of her hands in his. "My especial hobby is a quiet, retired life in the country, where I can attend to my farm and enjoy the sweet and soothing companionship of nature. When I first called at Miss Sharpe's—first saw your face, so calm, so white, among the group of girls—I said to myself, 'That is the face I would never weary of gazing upon,' and then came the wish—but no matter; I forget that I am talking to the gentle embroideress no longer, but to the great heiress for whose hand the wealthiest and noblest in the land might contend."

Mysie's glance at that was a whole volume of response.

"Still, I will add," said he, with manly confidence, "that if Mysie Morse were at this moment what she deemed herself this morning, I should ask her to be my wife."

"In what am I changed?" she asked, almost mournfully, her eyes swimming in tears.

"In nothing but circumstances," said the young man gently.

Then came a pause, when, gathering both her hands in his, he said, tremulously:

"Myrie, rich or poor, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

Smiles and tears were in the soft eyes that looked up from his shoulder. His strong clasping arm was around her.

When Myrie returned home to tell the good news to her friend who had toiled so nobly for her in the days of her poverty she was greeted by the sight of a handsome carriage; and, as she entered, two of her cousins were seated in their gaudy wrappings in the plain room she had called her home.

"Why, Myrie!" they called, almost in a breath, as they started forward.

The young girl recoiled a little, remembering their former treatment.

"We've been trying to find you this ever so long," said Adela, the eldest, spreading out her fineness again. "We couldn't think where you had hidden yourself."

"You are very kind," replied Myrie, with all the warmth she could summon up.

"You know we were not to blame in the matter of your leaving us," continued the elder woman, unblushingly. "I've often talked it over."

"Was not the wedding a superb one? Chroniclers say that it was. Could it be possible that beautiful creature in garments of lace that seemed to have been wrought by the fairies and a veil rich enough to have been worn by the Queen had ever worked, pale and dejected, in Miss Sharpe's room? The bridegroom too, how nobly handsome, how thoughtful and affectionate he was."

Myrie retired to her husband's splendid estate in the country and a happy creature she was, not because she was wealthy, but because her husband loved a farmer's life and she could inhale the sweet fragrance of the clover, hear the singing birds, see running waters and exercise the full graces of her soul in loving what Heaven had made.

M. A. D.

## FACETIE.

A BAD habit to get into.—A coat that is not paid for.

A QUESTION may be queer, but the one who asks it is always the querist.

WHEN do skipping lambs become like literary volumes?—When they become bound in sheep.

CONSOLING.—Boasting that your neighbour has a more extravagant wife than yourself.

A HEARTY knight is a sir-loin, a suspicious one is sur-mise, a cowardly one is sur-render.

"SAM, why am de hogs de most intelligent folks in de world?"—"Because dey nose obershyting."

THE man who was last seen making a boot for the foot of the stairs is now looking for some chips of the old block to light his fire with.

WHEN does a young lady treat a man like a telescope?—When she draws him out, look him through and then shuts him up.

DENTAL MEM.—Circumstances alter cases. There are times when things are not themselves any more than men are. A tooth is not a tooth when it is a-king.—Judy.

### EMBARRAS DE CHOIX.

Of two pain-killers doctors ask whether

Is better, but patients may say

"How happy could I be with ether,

Were chloroform out of the way."—Punch

### ARITHMETICAL.

TOURIST: "How far is it to the town, my dear?"

ELDEST SISTER: "Two mile, sir."

YOUNGEST SISTER: "Sure it isn't, then: it's four mile—two mile there and two mile back again."—Judy.

### TRUE DISTINCTION.

MAMMA (improving the occasion): "I like your new suit immensely, Gerald! But you must recollect that it's not the coat that makes the gentleman!"

GERALD: "No, mamma! I know it's the hat!"—Punch.

MATRIMONIAL MEM.—A young gentleman who has recently contracted a matrimonial alliance with a stout elderly party who has a thousand or so in the Funds, says it was not his wife's face which attracted him so much as her figure. There is something in this.—Judy.

"WANTED by a young lady, aged nineteen, of pleasing countenance, good figure, and agreeable manners, general information, and varied accomplishments, who has studied everything, from the creation to croquet, a situation in the family of a gentleman. She will take the head of the table, manage his

household, scold his servants, nurse his babies (when they arrive), check his tradesman's bills, accompany him to the theatre, cut the leaves of his new book, sew on his buttons, warm his slippers, and generally make his miserable life happy. Apply in the first place by letter to Louisa Caroline, 1— Grove, and afterwards to papa, upon the premises.—P.8.—Wedding-day No. 4, small. No Irish need apply."

### TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

St. Swithin sat at his garden gate

Counting his water-pipes.

Said he, "There's several burst of his;

Oh, won't they get some swipes!

For water, as mayhap you know,

Whene'er it fall goes down below.

Upon my word you'll find it as."

The saint still sat at his garden gate—

What's this? a large balloon!

Said he—"Why here, as sure as fate,

Comes Will the Water-spoon."

And though the rain a incessant roar

Sir Wilfrid Lawson stepped ashore.

A pump he held and nothing more.

(Sir Wilfrid strode to the garden gate,

An angry man he was).

"Good saint, good saint, you're tempting fate—

You'll be the death of me!

For if you give 'em rain so strong

They'll fly to drink, and not be wrong.

I should, indeed, myself ere long."

—FAN.

A FACETIOUS chap having unwittingly offended a

coquettish puppy, the latter told him that he was "no

gentleman." "Are you a gentleman?" asked the

droll one. "Yes, sir," replied the fop. "Then I

am very glad I am not!" replied the other.

"QUIST CUSTODIET?"

OVER-DRESSED SWELL: "Now then, you boys,

if you don't leave off directly, I'll thrash you

both."

SMALL BOY (artfully): "No, sir: you thrash

him, and let me hold your coat!"—FAN.

IRELAND'S VICTORY.

(Wimbledon, July 22, 1875.)

We know that Irish bulls have long been

famed in Irish story

And Irish bulls' eyes now may claim their

share of Irish glory.—Punch.

WHITECHAPEL TRAGEDIES.

LITERARY PARTY (out interviewing): Can you tell

me which is the way to the Whitechapel Road?"

PARTY (just up from the country, who thinks he is

going to meet with some foul play): "Look here,

young man, nose of your artful tricks with me;

you go your way, and I'll go mine." [Walks on.]—Judy.

A CLIMBER.

"Hillo, there! What's your hurry? where are

you going?"

"Going! I'm running for an office."

"Running for an office! what office?"

"Why, a lawyer's office."

### LOVE'S REQUEST.

The jealous parting hour drew near,

Yet still he linger'd by her side,

And whisper'd in her shell-like ear,

"Oh, love! I this last request, I fear,

Must be perforce denied."

She listened with a heart that beat,

As conscious that this one request

Would sound then music's strain's more sweet,

And that her answer should complete

The joy that fill'd each breast.

In both their hearts love's purest flame

Had burn'd for long with constant ray,

But yet he'd never dared to frame

The question, asking her to name

The long'd-for happy day.

And now his wavy, dark-crown'd head

To hers he bent a-down;

First kiss'd the cheeks that blush'd so red,

And then, "I want," he slowly said,

"The loan of half-a-crown!"—FAN.

BON-BONS FROM JUVENILE PARTIES.

DOCTOR: "Ahem! Well, and what's the matter

with my young friend Augustus?"

POND MOTHER: "Why, he is not at all the thing,

petty-larcenist, or in the Grand Banquet Hall as a great scoundrel. 'Tis the magnitude of mind which works the principal difference in the two pursuits. Let us wait, and wonder. One of these days, either in a speech after dinner or a confession after conviction, our patience may be rewarded.—FAN.

### PROVERBS.

What did the gardeners do when he was turned out of Paradise?—He had to look out for new diggings.

Australia gives us mutton, but the dence only knows how to cook it.

In the best regulated printing establishments you will find devils.

The smallest park often grows the largest mushroom.

With women, as the photographer's assistant says, position is everything.

There are many men with horsey ways, but very few men with riding habits.

The ripe cheese is known by its walk, the Lord Mayor by his carriage.

You know the clock by its hands, Scotland Yard by its policemen's feet.

Men make their money in the City, their wives seldom make it last out.

Early rising, with ladies, as with new rhubarb, is a matter of forcing.

Goodness gives us good figures, fashion only does not always allow them to be seen.

Schoolboys, like badgers, require a good deal of baiting.

A public-house full of bad customers may expect a collar full of scar beer.—Judy.

### NEW BRADING OF AN OLD RHYME.

(Written under St. Swithin's Wet Blanket.)

Dirty days hath September,

April, June, and November,

And from February until May

The rain it raineth every day.

All the rest have thirty-one,

Without a single gleam of sun:

And if any should have thirty-two,

They'd be dull and dirty too.—Punch.

A CROMBMAN had a milk-white horse, which, on

account of his beautiful form, he called Zion. Hav-

ing ordered his horse to the door, a friend asked him

where he was going. "Why," said he, "to mount

Zion."

As two children were playing together, little Jane

got angry and pouted. Johnny said to her, "Look

out, Jane, or I'll take a seat up there on your lips."

"Then," replied Jane, quite cured of her pouts,

"I'll laugh, and you'll fall off."

SMYTH spent two whole days and nights in con-

sidering an answer to the commandment—"Why is an

egg undone like an egg overdone?" He would suffer

no one to tell him, and at last hit upon the solution—

because both are hardly done.

LITTLE Alice was crying bitterly, and on being

questioned, confessed to having received a slap from

one of her playfellows. "You should have returned

it," unwisely said the questioner. "Oh, I returned

it before," said the little girl.

### MODERN CONVENIENCES.

Rockets, blue-lights, and Roman candles, to

avert collisions with perambulators and Pickford's

vans.

Minute-guns—Admiralty patterns—for same pur-

pose.

Learned solicitor to protect you from learned

solicitors.

Cordon of bull-dogs to keep off taper mer-

chants.

Grapple to reclaim fugitive pickpocket in case you

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humble at home, she called out her sister in an ecstasy of triumph and delight, "Oh, Polly, we had four dinners, all one after another."

A YOUNG lady was discharged from one of the largest vinegar houses last week. She was so sweet that the vinegar was kept from fermenting.

A LEARNED doctor has given his opinion that tight lacing is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills off all the foolish girls and leave the wise ones to grow into women.

A WIT being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear of it," but reflecting a moment, he added, in a tone of compassion and forgiveness: "And yet I do not know why I should be, he never done me any harm."

THE SILLY SEASON.  
BROWN (reads from newspaper). "'Sturgeon picked up dead on the beach at Weymouth—'"

Mrs. B.: "Lor, Brown! and it ain't a month ago you and me 'eard him preach at the Tabbynacile!"—Punch.

AWKWARD.  
THE ARISTOCRATIC JONES (rather ashamed of his loud acquaintance, Brown): "You must excuse me, but if there's one thing in the world I particularly object to, it's to having anybody take my arm!"

BROWN: "All right, old fellow! You take mine!"—Punch.

PARAFLOUT V. PARASOL.  
'Twas the voice of the sunshade, I heard her complain,

"I'm of no use at all, for we've nothing but rain!  
Bright Solis deposited by the Demon of Damp,  
And I'm put in the shade by that odious Camp!"

Stout Gingham laughed loud till her ribs seemed to split.

"Aha! Madame Upstart, you're lowered a bit.

Your flannings and flirtings with Phoebus are over,  
I warned you the god was a changeable lover!

Hoho; but you used to look down upon me,  
As the symbol of dowdiness! Fiddle-de-dee!"

No doubt your supreme self-conceit, miss, it seems

To see me the favourite friend of both sexes;

In the sunshine of fortune, so upstart and proud,

What a poor thing you are now you're "under a cloud."

OBEDIENT ORDERS.  
A farmer sent his son for a log to put on the fire. The son brought a mere stick, and his father whipped him and ordered him to bring another. The boy went out, but did not return for twenty-five years, when he came in one evening with an enormous log on his shoulder which he threw down before the fire saying:

"There, what did that do?"

The old gentleman looked quietly up, examined the log, threw it carelessly on the fire and coolly answered:

"This 'ere log will do, but you have been a long time a fetching it!"

JOTTINGS.  
BETTING men are supposed by some people to be on the road to ruin. We can't deny that they go to Tatters-all!

BEFORE marriage, young ladies devote themselves to fancies; after marriage, they have to think of the groceries!

"KNUCKLE down!" "Not if we know it!" say the butchers. Look at the price of meat!"

CAN we call a Pan-theist a Fri-ar.

"WHY is fortune spent and gone like a diamond? Because it is coin o'er (Kobinoor).

LINK-MEN have been known to have been very extorciniste in their charges!

A REGULAR Crammer—An Oxford coach,

COMBINING buzziness with pleasure is what the flies do!

THE next great gun—Cotton.

NET Profit—The sale of her-riage.

A SAD Vice—Swearing in the sheriffs.

CHINESE Diplomacy—Bowling to circumstances after they have passed.

MATRIMONY is a word that ends with money. It ought to begin with it.

SOME singers have a knacker saying they are horse when they are ass'd to oblige the company.

"You have given me quite a turn," said the custard to the cook. "I lay-leaf you," said the cook to the custard.—Judy.

AN Irishman who was near-sighted, being about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer his antagonist than the other did to him, and

that they were to fire at the same time. This beat Sheridan's telling a fat man who was going to fight a thin one that the latter's slim figure ought to be chalked on the other's portly person, and if the bullet hit him outside of the mark it was to go for nothing.

OBEDIENT ORDERS.  
A certain general, supposing his favourite horse dead, ordered a soldier to go and skin him.

"What! is Silvertail dead?" asked Pat.

"What's that to you?" replied the officer, "Do as I bid you and ask no questions."

Pat went about his business, and in an hour or two he returned.

"Well, Pat, where have you been all this time?" asked the general.

"Skinning your horse, your honour."

"Does it take nearly two hours to perform such an operation?"

"No, your honour, but then you see it took about half an hour to catch him."

"Catch him! was he alive?"

"Yis, yer honour, and I could not skin him alive, you know."

"Skin him alive! did you kill him?"

"To be sure I did, yer honour! and sure you know I must obey orders without asking any questions."

THE FADELESS FLOWER.

IN our chequered journey through the world,  
There is a flower which greets the eye,  
Like that on desert sands unfurled

To cheer the traveller passing by.  
That flower is not of earthly mould;  
'Tis opened by the voices of Heaven;

'Twill weep, but yet 'twill ne'er grow cold,  
Even when the touch of scorn is given.

It blooms alike on desert sands,  
As well as in the fertile plain;  
And when 'tis crushed by cruel hands

'Twill weep, then softly smile again.  
'Tis found in darkest, midnight gloom,  
As well as in the noonday sun;

In pleasure's throng, and at the tomb  
Its fragrant life has just begun.

It is a gem that glitters bright  
When all things else corrode and die;  
To pity is its sole delight—

Its fragrance, to embalm a sigh.  
Though rude winds blast its gentle folds,  
Or earth's simons may dry its leaves,

Yet for those cruel winds it holds  
The heart that for another grieves.

When cares oppress and men forsake—  
E'en when a parent's love is dead—  
Its hold around the heart 'twill take,

And shelter there the outcast head.  
Its smile reflects another's pleasure—  
It's tears embalm another's woes;

To friends it proves a golden treasure,  
And a balm to the wrath of foes.

'Twill live and bloom at Heaven's gate,  
On the cold, gray day of death;  
And round the throne 'twill gently wait

To give the angel spirit's breath.  
Then cultivate that heavenly flower,  
In storms or sunshine tenderly;

It lives with calm yet holy power—  
The fadeless flower of sympathy.

B. H. D.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

ALMAK.—Plums, pears, and apples, two pounds of each. Pare, core, and stew together; rub through a sieve; add half a pound of moist sugar. Boil until it is quite stiff; spread on dishes to dry. When set, cut in squares and put it by for use.

POTATO CAKES.—Take mashed potatoes, flour, a little salt and melted butter (to make them sweet add a little powdered loaf sugar), mix with just enough milk to make the paste stiff enough to roll, make it the size and thickness of a muffin, and back quickly.

TO PRESERVE PEARS.—Pare and cut twelve pears into halves, leave the stalks on, and core; place in a baking-jar, and add to them the rind of one lemon, cut in strips, the juice of half a lemon, six cloves, ten whole allspice, sufficient water just to cover the whole; to every pint of water allow half a pound of loaf sugar; to be baked in a very cool oven until done. They will take at least six hours. The more steadily they are done the better. To improve the colour of the fruit, a few drops of prepared cochineal may be added.

APPLE JELLY.—To every pound of apples add a

pint of water; boil till all the goodness is extracted, then to every pint of juice add half a pound of sugar. Boil till reduced to half, then add a shilling packet of gelatine to each half-gallon, and the juice of two lemons. Or pare and quarter the apples, put them into the oven in a pot without water, with a close lid. When the heat has made them soft, place them in a cloth, and wring out the juice. Put a little white of egg to it, add the sugar, and skim it carefully before it boils.

GEMS.

HE that is too good for advice is too good for his neighbour's company.

THERE is no greater punishment than that of being abandoned to one's self.

SPEAK what you mean, do as you profess, and perform what you promise.

MARRIAGE is a woman for her beauty is like eating birds for their singing.

A MAN's own loving heart can sow the most desert female heart with the flowers of beauty.

RISE as we will on the swiftest billows of tomorrow, we are never out of sight of yesterday.

THAT only people with whom it is a joy to sit silent are the people with whom it is a joy to talk.

WE should not forget that life is a flower, which is no sooner fully blown than it begins to wither.

DO good to your friend, that he may be wholly yours; to your enemy, that he may become your friend.

HE who fishes in the sea for matrimony need not bother himself to put any bait upon his hook—if the hook is gold.

STATISTICS.

DURING the present year the exportation of small firearms and gunpowder has largely increased. In the last seven months the value of firearms sent abroad was 321,639*l.* against 210,093*l.* in 1874; and of gunpowder, 243,283*l.* against 285,564*l.* last year.

ACCORDING to the statistical report of the Swedish Chamber of Commerce, there were in Sweden, in 1873, in all, 81 glass-making establishments. These gave employment to 1,671 hands. The declared value of their manufacture during the year was 2,833,183*kr.*

A SERIES of tables has been published by the glass manufactory of St. Gobain, illustrative of the changes in the price of glass. In 1702 the price per square metre of glass was 165 francs; in 1802, 205 francs per metre; in 1825, 127 francs per metre; in 1856, 61 francs per metre; in 1862, 47 francs per metre; and in 1865, 60 francs per metre.

THE following is given as a statement of the division of labour among the operatives in the British Isles:—Number of persons employed on textile fabrics, 1,654,947; metal manufactures, 180,660;

leather, 8,692; chemicals, 49,987; articles of food, 31,255; building, 20,823; paper, 37,422; miscellaneous, 211,522; total, 1,695,288. Comparing the number of American operatives, 2,555,314, with the number of British operatives, 1,695,288, it appears that there are 960,026 more operatives in the United States than in Great Britain.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE VALUE OF VIVISECTION.—While the practice of vivisection cannot be defended when it is inflicted on lower animals simply to exhibit truths already fully settled and demonstrated, its utility in original investigation cannot be contradicted. This is amply proved by the results to which it has lead.

In summing up the benefits to practical medicine accruing from vivisection, in a speech recently delivered before the British Medical Association, the president of that body, Sir Robert Christison, noted among others the following: By means of the most extended series of vivisections on record, Orfila placed toxicology on a scientific basis and gave to the world a knowledge of the actions of poisons which has been directly instrumental in saving thousands of lives. To experimentation on animals as to the nutritive value of non-nitrogenous substances, the goodly fellowship of anti-vivisectionists who have a tendency to gout or gravel owe the accurate dietetic treatment of their ailments. Sir Robert himself discovered through vivisections the mode in which oxalic acid poisons and the means of counteracting its effects, determined the rapidity of action of prussic acid, ascertained by experiment, first upon himself and subsequently upon animals, the physiological and toxic effects of Calabar bean, now largely and usefully employed in medicine.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CLARA D.—No; Elias Howe was the inventor of the sewing machine.

B. C.—Almost any first-class young lady's seminary will afford you the opportunity you desire.

JEAN.—Henpecked is a vulgarism and a phrase commonly applied to a man who is governed by his wife.

TYRA.—Drop it. You would be more likely to gain your living with a pen than with a pen.

M. Y.—You should pursue a long course of preparatory study before either attempting to teach or entering upon the study of medicine.

BETA.—Of course you would. And you should not even think of marrying a second husband while you are still the lawful wife of your first one.

C. B.—You should have nothing more to do with him. Such a man is no fit acquaintance for a young lady.

LAVINIA.—The best way to obtain a husband is to strive to deserve one. Dress well, live well, be cheerful and affable, and do not shake your ringlets at every man you may think worth marrying.

B. A. E.—You are evidently tormenting yourself about a very trifling matter. If a man makes a rash promise to himself about something and then breaks it he is committing no sin.

M. N.—The name of Walker is German in its origin, and means "a woodman." Ellen, or Helen, of Greek origin, means "alluring." Katherine, or Catherine, also of Greek origin, means "chaste."

P. Y.—If you know the name of any of your mother's brothers write to him. If not, find out your mother's name before she was married, and then write to the postmaster at Haarlem, Holland, and ask him to send you information about the family.

ALF.—No Norwegian girl is allowed to have a beau until she can bake bread and knit stockings, and as a consequence, every girl can bake and knit long before she can read or write, and doesn't have to be coaxed into her industry either.

ELIZA.—A good wife's legal place of residence is her husband's home, if he has one. Go there, take possession, and endeavour to conciliate the mother-in-law, when you have done that, get rid of her as soon as possible.

CORNEY.—We do not believe the manufacture of invisible ink would afford King Frederick, or anybody else any visible means of support, though it is said that lemon juice will answer the purpose. We never tried it, however. We prefer ink that is plainly visible as soon as it is used.

OMEGA.—We are not aware of any remedy for sea-sickness. It is incident to the peculiar motion of the vessel acting upon some morbid state of the system and ceases when a better state of health supervenes. People with a sound digestive apparatus do not suffer from sea-sickness.

VULCAN.—Unless you are rich and the lady's other ornaments are expensive, a plain gold ring or one with a pretty stone is better than a diamond. Your joint initials within and the date of your engagement will be fit and sufficient. Begin your life modestly and prudently. Best wishes for your happiness.

J. W. G.—The slight difference in age is no objection to your marriage. In fact, considering your straitened means, it is better to have a wife of mature years and steadiness of character which accompanies them. You ought to be able, by economical management, to get along on your salary.

ELFRIDA.—Emblematical significance has been associated with the ring from a very early period, but the Greeks were probably the first who attached to the wedding-ring the importance it now holds. They also consecrated to it the fourth finger of the left hand, in the belief that from this finger a nerve went direct to the heart.

J. R. C.—When seized with the cramp while bathing a resolute effort must be made and the leg must be forcibly and suddenly stretched out. The leg should be immediately thrust out of the water into the air. You should not bathe when the stomach is full. Just before breakfast, dinner or supper are reasonable opportunities.

SKOWNOR.—We could not consistently offer advice to a young person leaving home which might seem to countenance her in the step she was about to take. There is safety under the parental roof, though it be humble; in the wide world the unprotected girl is beset with danger on every side. With respect to your lover, we think you ought to request from him a final decision.

KATE.—If the man is honest and good, loves you and is beloved, marry him, and trust Providence. As to the best place in which to practice, try a small town, and, if possible, a new and rising one. As to the future consult your father in everything. A man in high political position must have become accustomed to look ahead and calculate probabilities.

JOE D.—"Warmed-over affections" are good. Perhaps they were only half-done the first time and needed a little more heat. As to being sure of her love, we cannot guarantee that in any case. You must judge for yourself of that. You have one consolation—so far she seems to have limited the range of her affections to telegraph operators. That is certainly some restriction.

B. M. A.—If jealousy is indeed a proof of love you may congratulate yourself that she is desperately fond of you. Whether she would, as you fear, be as outrageously and unreasonably jealous of you after marriage is a question we cannot take upon ourselves to answer; but you will be a queer fellow if you hesitate to risk it.

I. B.—Somebody has said, "It takes a great quantity of grief to kill." We trust that the measure of your grief does not even approximate to this quantity. You will think us one of Job's comforters when we add that your despair seems to be unreasonable, on the principle that there are as good fish in the sea "as any that have been caught." At all events we trust that when you read this you will find yourself in the possession of excellent health, and if your spirits are not equally bright you are able to appreciate the philosophy which teaches that what cannot be cured should be endured.

ROSE.—Such a young lady as you describe must be, we think, very good looking. In advising which of two suitors a young lady should choose, one being good-tempered but not in a good position, the other bad-tempered and well off, we are inclined to say neither, or take the good tempered one. A good temper is almost everything in married life. The reason why it is not quite everything is that it cannot of itself earn bread and cheese.

WHEN YOU'RE DOWN.  
What legions of "friends" always bless us  
When golden success lights our way!  
How they smile as they softly address us,  
So cordial, good-humoured and gay.  
But ah, when the sun of prosperity  
Hath set, then how quickly they frown,  
And cry out, in tones of severity,  
Kick the man; don't you see he is down?"

What, though when you know not a sorrow,  
Though your heart was as open as day,  
And your "friends" when they wanted to borrow,  
You obliged, and ne'er asked them to pay.  
What though not a soul you e'er slighted,  
As you wander about through the town,  
Your "friends" become very near-sighted,  
And don't seem to see when you're down.

When you are "up" you are loudly exalted  
And traders all sing out your praise;  
When you're "down" you have greatly de-faulted,  
And they "really don't fancy your ways."  
Your style was "tip-top" when you'd money,  
So sing every sucker and clown,  
But now, 'tis exceedingly funny,  
Thanks are altered "because you are down."

Oh, give me the heart that for ever  
Is free from this world's selfish rust,  
And the soul, whose high, noble endeavour  
Is to raise fallen humanity from the dust.  
And when in adversity's ocean  
A victim is likely to drown  
All hail to the friends whose devotion  
Will lift up a man when he's down.

ALICE MARY.—A marriage between a man of forty and woman of twenty, provided it is one of mutual affection, cannot be objected to, either on natural or moral grounds. The parties have to please themselves and relatives, and not the censorious world. Besides, such unions are common, and if they were more frequent it would be beneficial to woman's social condition, for the number of the unmarried in this country of both sexes is alarming, both to the moralist and economist.

LEONARD.—We adhere to our belief, but go your own way, and we sincerely wish that the result may prove we have been entirely wrong. Respecting "earning money," we have already answered you. That the height cannot be increased by artificial means is another belief which we entertain and which we should be glad to know was erroneous. Touch neither acids nor alkalis and your finger-nails will grow to the condition that you desire. For your hands use glycerine and wear gloves night and day; this, too, will soften and help the growth of your finger-nails.

B. N.—Marriage makes home happy. Without marriage there is no home, no real home, no true home—a house, as the Frenchman says, but nothing more. Marriage brings with it all that elevates and refines, all that satisfies and delights, the commonest details of our ordinary occupations it clothes with a vesture of enchanting loveliness and of imperishable beauty. Marriage enlarges the scope of our happiness and our miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant, a marriage of interest is easy, and a marriage where both meet happy. A marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and, indeed, all the sweets of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age than the common ridicule which passes on this state of life.

BESSIE AND NELLIE wish to correspond with two young men, soldiers preferred; they are both dark, good tempered, would try to make a man happy, and have no objection to going to India.

ALBERT A., seaman in the Royal Navy, medium height, Auburn hair, blue eyes, considered good looking, wishes to correspond with a respectable, fair young lady with a small income; one fond of amusements preferred.

JACK BENTICK BOON, 5ft. 6in., dark, blue eyes, considered good looking, wishes to correspond with a respectable, good looking young lady, with a view to marriage.

J. B. M., twenty-one, tall, dark complexion, shorthand writer by profession, would like to correspond with a young lady, of Newcastle on Tyne preferred.

AMIE M., twenty-eight, 5ft. 4in., dark hair and eyes, domesticated and very affectionate, would like to correspond with a respectable young man with a view to marriage; she would make a good wife.

LUCE, twenty, dark hair, brown eyes, medium height, would like to correspond with a fair gentleman with a view to matrimony; respondent must be fond of home and children.

M. A. R., eighteen, 5ft. 3in., dark hair, blue eyes, considered good looking, fond of music and dancing, wishes to correspond with a good looking gentleman about twenty-three.

N. B., seventeen, medium height, with blue eyes and dark hair, considered good looking, educated and domesticated, would like to correspond with a young gentleman about eighteen, who must be fair and nice looking.

HARRY SARAH, eighteen, medium height, dark, considered handsome, very fond of music, wishes to correspond with a fair young man between nineteen and twenty-one, who must be tall and good looking, and be in good circumstances and of a loving disposition; she would make a loving wife.

M. K., twenty, medium height, fair complexion, blue eyes, loving disposition and fond of home, wishes to correspond with a good looking young lady with a view to matrimony.

JULIA, seventeen, rather tall, dark hair and eyes, considered good looking, and thoroughly domesticated, wishes to correspond with a young man about twenty-one, with a view to matrimony; respondent must be good tempered, domesticated, have a little money, and be well educated.

WILLIE M., twenty-six, 5ft. 4in., fair, fond of home, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony; respondent must be good tempered and loving.

R. F., nineteen, medium height, good looking, and domesticated wishes to correspond with a young man about twenty-four with a view to matrimony; a tradesman preferred.

GEORGE, twenty, medium height fair complexion and gray eyes, would like to correspond with a young lady about eighteen.

MAGGIE, nineteen, 5ft. 1 1/2 in., dark hair and eyes, and of a loving disposition, wishes to correspond with a young man, who must be good looking.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.  
GEORGE P. is responded to by—M. G., medium height, dark brown hair, hazel eyes, fresh complexion, considered handsome, would make a loving wife, and would be fond of home.

ELINOR by—Independent Spirit, twenty-two, 5ft. 7in., dark hair, well educated, and in a position of trust, his income at present is only £101, a year, but his prospects are good, and he feels he could love her and be all she requires.

TOMMY by—"The Lass that loves a Royal Marine," who is twenty-four, short in stature, has brown hair, dark complexion, very respectably connected, industrious and good tempered, and of a lively disposition.

BLAZE BY—Training-tackle Tom, who has black hair, hazel eyes, dark complexion, is good looking, and thinks he is all she requires.

SHOW-UP and SUMMIT by—J. B. M. and H. P. W., aged respectively twenty-one and twenty-two, dark complexion, heights 5ft. 10in. and 6ft., both good looking, fond of home and children, and think they are all they can desire.

H. D. by—E. J., nineteen, medium height, light brown hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion, considered good looking, fond of home, and would make a loving wife; and by—S. A. H., twenty, very loving and affectionate, thoroughly respectable and domesticated, and thinks she is all he requires.

RAILWAY CLERK by—May, eighteen, 5ft. 3in., fair complexion, brown hair, blue eyes, considered pretty, very loving disposition, fond of home, has good prospects, and is a good housekeeper; and by—Lizzie A., fair, blue eyes, prepossessing, very amiable, good tempered and domesticated, and would make a loving and careful wife.

WILLIAM and ANNE by—May and Eva, two cousins. May is twenty, 5ft. 4in., and Eva twenty-two, 5ft. 4in., dark; by—Annie and Louisa. Annie is twenty-six, tall and dark, and considered handsome. Louisa is eighteen, medium height, fair, rather pretty, and very good tempered; and by—Nelly and Ann, two friends. Nelly is nineteen, tall, good looking, fond of music, and thinks she would suit William. Ann is twenty, medium height, blue eyes, good tempered, and would make a good wife for Albert.

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